

BELLS AT EVENING

FANNY J. CROSBY

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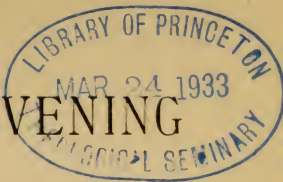




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BELLS AT EVENING
AND OTHER VERSES

BY
FRANCES J. CROSBY

WITH
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

BY
ROBERT LOWRY



THE BIGLOW & MAIN COMPANY
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

1897

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DEDICATED
TO
ALL WHO SING MY HYMNS.

Thanks are due to Mr. John R. Sweney for permission to use hymns on pages 174, 176, and 180 ; to Mr. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick for those on pages 178, 179, and 183 ; to Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp for hymn on page 146 ; also to The Biglow & Main Company for permission to use all the other hymns and poems in this little volume.

F. J. C.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

FRANCES JANE CROSBY, the daughter of John and Mercy Crosby, was born in South East, Putnam County, New York, March 24, 1820. Her home was in a little valley, through which ran a branch of the Croton River. The murmur of the flowing water was the music of her earliest childhood. Her fancy reveled in the silvery tones that rose incessantly from the humble brook. They spoke to her in a language which she could understand, and she learned to translate them into her own vernacular. The dancing measures of the little stream still linger sweetly in her memory.

When she was only six weeks old an affection of the eyes demanded medical treatment. Either from lack of accurate diagnosis, or from the operation of causes beyond the reach of ordinary skill, the remedies applied failed to accomplish the desired end, and her sense of sight entirely disappeared. Happily for her peace of mind, this loss of vision came upon her at so early an age that she was relieved of those violent and painful contrasts which would have been her lot if this mis-

fortune had overtaken her in later years. Indeed so utterly foreign to her is our world of sight, she does not feel the loss of what practically never was in her possession. A calamity which would be regarded by us as beyond all compensation she looks upon as one of the commonplaces of her normal condition. It is pathetic to hear her gentle but earnest protest when tender sympathies are expended upon her by honestly commiserating friends; but we cannot but admire the beautiful contentment with which she accepts her place in life, and even expresses a preference for what to us would be only an unmitigated misfortune. Her childhood was a period of unalloyed delight. Her happy temperament threw sunshine over all her surroundings. She discovered in time that there was a sight-world in which she had no part, but no knowledge of that deprivation could affect the elasticity of her spirits. As if to give notice to all persons that they need not waste any condolences on her, she wrote, at the age of eight years, the following statement of the situation as she viewed it :

“ O what a happy soul am I !
Although I cannot see,
I am resolved that in this world
Contented I will be ;
How many blessings I enjoy
That other people don't !
To weep and sigh because I'm blind,
I cannot, and I won't.”

The poetry in this childish effusion may not be of the highest order, but the philosophy it contains is worthy of general adoption.

When she was about nine years old she was taken by her parents to Ridgefield, Conn., where the family remained four years. After the death of her father her opportunities for mental improvement were in a degree interrupted. This would have been a serious thing to her but for the one happy event which turned and fixed the course of her life. At the age of fifteen years she entered the New York Institution for the Blind. Here she remained as a pupil for twelve years. In 1847 she became a teacher, in which position she continued till 1858. She taught English Grammar, Rhetoric, and Roman and American History. This was the developing period in her life. The darkness that was upon the face of the deep gave place to the form and symmetry of intellectual expansion. Her vivid imagination, which had been running for years with but little restraint, came under the control of her broadening intellect. Language, which, under the circumstances of her life, had been necessarily limited, came to her aid with a steadily increasing vocabulary. The poetic faculty, which from early childhood had been struggling within her for expression, found food and stimulus along all these lines of intellectual development. Memory, always intensified and strengthened in the absence

of external helps, became her ready and obedient servitor. The schoolboy may forget the lesson on the printed page, but the blind man retains it. The man with clear vision may lose the face of a friend in the distractions of the outside world, but the blind man never mistakes the tone of a voice. The expert organist, with his fingers on the keyboard or his pen marking the paper, may be puzzled to know the correct outlet for a discord, but the blind musician, almost by intuition, will see the difficulty and give the true progression. The Bible, studded with golden texts, became a never-failing treasury to this blind girl passing up into womanhood. So tenacious is her memory that in her early years she committed the first four books of the Old Testament, and also the four Gospels. Her hymns abound with phrases of Scripture which readily adapt themselves to rhythmic expression. Her mind is stored with much that she has learned from various authors. Once in possession of a thought of value, she assimilates it, reproduces it, makes it her own by putting on it the stamp of her individuality. The versatility of her genius is remarkable. Driven sometimes by a stress of work there will slip from her a striking epithet or phrase which she has used before; but, taking into view the many hymns which she has written, besides songs and miscellaneous poems, the wonder is that she expresses herself in such

manifold variety. Her mind is a storehouse of things new and old, and her verse is constructed from the abundant words and phrases which seem to fall almost of their own accord into their appropriate places.

During her pupilage in the Institution for the Blind her teachers did not fail to notice the poetic quality of her mind, and the growing aptitude for putting words together in metrical form and tapering them off with rhymes. So prominently did this gift assert itself, the managers were led to utilize it for the benefit of the Institution. In August, 1842, a tour was made through western New York, in which a number of the pupils made exhibition of the kind of work done in the schoolroom. At all these meetings Miss Crosby was put forward as conspicuously illustrating the value of education to the blind. A poetic address delivered at one of these meetings contains the following stanza :

“Contented, happy, though a sightless band,
Dear friends, this evening we before you stand ;
We for a moment your attention claim,
And trust that boon will not be asked in vain.”

In May, 1843, the Institution for the Blind held its anniversary in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York. The occasion, always interesting, was made doubly so by the recitation of an original poem, of which the following is an extract :

“ The smile that decks the human face,
The brilliant eye, the joyous brow,
Are beauties we may never trace ;
A rayless midnight shrouds us now.
But why, O why the falling tear ?
Why heaves the sad, unbidden sigh ?
The lamp of knowledge, bright and clear,
Pours luster on our mental eye.”

On June 22, 1843, the Senate of the State of New York visited the Institution in a body. Here again our blind girl was brought to the front, and addressed the high dignitaries in a poem, of which the following is a specimen :

“ Yon glorious orb that gilds the azure skies
Sheds not a ray to cheer these sightless eyes ;
The dewy lawn, mild nature’s sylvan bowers—
To trace these lovely scenes must ne’er be ours ;
But education’s pure refulgent light
Illumes our souls, dispels our mental night ;
Joy on each brow a smiling garland weaves ;
Here, too, her magic strain soft music breathes.”

In the same year another tour was made through central New York, and, as usual, Miss Crosby was the chief performer with an original poem.

In November, 1843, Count Bertrand was received as an honored guest, and Miss Crosby was selected to address him in poetic form. She subsequently wrote a touching poem on hearing of the Count’s death.

On January 24, 1844, seventeen pupils were taken to Washington to give a practical demon-

stration, before the Senate and House of Representatives, of the good results attending a systematic instruction of the blind. In this august presence, stirred by eloquent speeches and regaled with sweet singing, our gifted poet poured her heart out in words that held all hearers captive. From a poem of thirteen stanzas we select the following :

“What though these orbs in rayless darkness roll?
Instruction pours its radiance o’er the soul;
And fancy pictures to the mental eye
The glittering hosts that ’lume the midnight sky.
O ye who here from every State convene,
Illustrious band! may we not hope the scene
You now behold will prove to every mind
Instruction hath a ray to cheer the blind.”

In the same year a company of twenty pupils gave an exhibition of like character at Trenton, N. J., before the Governor and Legislature. The occasion was one of intense interest, not the least feature of which was an original poem delivered by her who had become so important a factor in making the public familiar with the working of the Institution to which she belonged.

While Miss Crosby was teaching she came in contact with many distinguished men. An item of interest which she takes pleasure in recalling is the fact that, during a part of that time, Grover Cleveland was attached to the office of the Institution. Her recollections of Mr. Cleveland are of the most pleasant character, his bearing toward

her being such as to impress her mind with a sense of his courtesy and kindness. Among the men whom she met were President Van Buren, President Tyler, Governor William H. Seward, General Winfield Scott, and Henry Clay. Concerning Henry Clay, she tells the story that during his last visit to New York he came to the Institution, and she was appointed to give him welcome in a poem. Six months before he had lost a son in the Mexican war, and she had sent him some verses. In her address she carefully avoided any allusion to his sorrow. When she had finished her poem of welcome he came up to her and said, with tears in his eyes: "This is not the first poem for which I am indebted to this lady. Six months ago she sent me some lines on the death of my dear son." Both of them were overcome for the moment, and although with an effort he recovered himself, it was impossible for her to restrain her tears.

In 1845 George F. Root began to give music lessons in the New York Institution for the Blind. In 1851 it occurred to him that a cantata or musical play might be made useful in his classes, especially those in Rutgers and Spingler Institutes. The floral concerts given by W. B. Bradbury in the Broadway Tabernacle suggested the subject of the flowers choosing a queen, and he finally determined that the little play should be called *The Flower Queen*. In his autobiogra-

phy, entitled *The Story of a Musical Life*, Dr. Root thus expresses his indebtedness to Miss Crosby:

“At the Institution for the Blind there was at that time a lady who had been a pupil there, but was now a teacher, who had a great gift for rhyming, and, better still, had a delicate and poetic imagination. The name of Fanny Crosby was not known then beyond the small circle of her personal friends, but it is now familiar, especially wherever Gospel songs are sung. I used to tell her one day in prose what I wanted the Flowers or the Recluse to say, and the next day the poem would be ready—sometimes two or three of them. I generally hummed enough of a melody to give her an idea of the meter and rhythmic swing wanted, and sometimes played to her the entire music of a number before she undertook her work. It was all the same. Like many blind people her memory was great, and she easily retained all I told her. After receiving her poems, which rarely needed any modification, I thought out the music, perhaps while going from one lesson to another, and then I caught the first moment of freedom to write it out. This went on until the cantata was finished.”

The same ready pen contributed largely to Professor Root's cantata of “Daniel,” and also that of “The Pilgrim Fathers.” Many songs were written by her for Professor Root, among them

"Rosalie the Prairie Flower," "Hazel Dell," "The Honeysuckle Glen," "Proud World, Good-By, I'm Going Home," "Music in the Air," "All Together," "Never Forget the Dear Ones," and others. These songs became exceedingly popular in their day, though it was not generally known at the time that she was the author of them. The royalty on "Rosalie the Prairie Flower" alone amounted to nearly three thousand dollars.

Many of Miss Crosby's hymns and songs have gone out into the world, though not by her intent, either anonymously or under some pseudonym. John Julian, in his "Dictionary of Hymnology," says of this questionable treatment:

"The greater part are signed by a bewildering number of initials and *noms de plume*; including:

"A.; C.; D. H. W.; F.; F. A. N.; F. C.; F. J. C.; F. J. V. A.; J. C. F.; V.; V. A.; Ella Dale; F. Crosby; F. J. Crosby; Fannie; Fannie Crosby; Fanny Van Alstyne; Jenny V.; Mrs. Jenie Glenn; Mrs. Kate Grinley; Miss V.; Miss Viola V. A.; Mrs. V.; Viola."

To this crazy-quilt list may be added, Grace J. Frances, Mrs. C. M. Wilson, Lizzie Edwards, Henrietta E. Blair, Rose Atherton, Maud Marion, Leah Carlton, and others.

Miss Crosby was married to Alexander Van

Alstyne March 5, 1858. Mr. Van Alstyne was a pupil in the Institution and a good musician. Strong in their mutual love and sympathy, they were willing to take the risks of a world they could not see. With all the disadvantages and distractions of this independent life the new bride never lost her thirst for knowledge, nor did there come any diminution of that poetic afflatus which made her a queen in her educational home. She lived her life of song through all the years, and finds in it still her greatest pleasure.

The diversity of names by which she is known is sometimes confusing. One editor, with a habit of precision which might well be emulated, inscribes her in his hymnal as Mrs. Frances Jane Crosby Van Alstyne. Another satisfies himself with the briefer form of Mrs. F. J. Van Alstyne. Less precise compilers content themselves with Miss Frances J. Crosby, or Fanny J. Crosby, or, more economically, Fanny Crosby. To the public at large she will probably be known always as Fanny Crosby, while to those who are nearest to her, and who enjoy the privilege of her confidence and affection, she is, simply and sweetly, Fanny.

Three volumes of her poems have been published. The first was issued in 1844, entitled "The Blind Girl, and Other Poems," containing an excellent lithograph portrait of the author. A second volume followed in 1849, called "Mon-

terey, and Other Poems;" and a third, "A Wreath of Columbia's Flowers," was issued in 1858. While these productions are all creditable to the author, it is in no wise on them that her fame is based. It is as a writer of hymns, especially as popularized in Sunday-schools for the last thirty years, that she has made a name for herself wherever the English language is spoken. Nor is her celebrity confined to people of her native tongue; in almost all quarters of the world her hymns have been translated, and are sung by Christian people everywhere.

It was on February 5, 1864, that she wrote the first of that long series of hymns which has run up into the thousands. This hymn was written for W. B. Bradbury, who was then devoting himself to musical service among the young, and was followed by scores of others for use in various books which Mr. Bradbury edited. The relation thus formed between writer and publisher continued till the death of the latter in 1868. At Mr. Bradbury's funeral, this first hymn became invested with a kind of sacredness in being sung in connection with the musical exercises. Its opening lines read thus:

"We are going, we are going
To a home beyond the skies."

After the death of Mr. Bradbury, the relations she sustained to that lamented composer were

continued with his successors, Biglow & Main, which relations remain to this day. Biglow & Main have accepted and paid for everything she has written for them during all these years. As a consequence of this arrangement, a large number of her hymns are now in their possession. Some of these may yet be set to music, and, it is hoped, may prove as useful as many of those which have contributed so much to the popularity of Fanny Crosby.

Fanny Crosby delights to recall the dates of her first interviews with musical men. She tells us that she met Sylvester Main on February 2, 1864, and renewed an acquaintanceship which she had formed when a child in Ridgefield, Conn., thirty-two years before. On June 4, 1864, she made the friendship of Philip Phillips in Mr. Bradbury's office. In the same place she met Theo. E. Perkins June 6, 1864. In the same year she met Hubert P. Main, for whom she has written scores of hymns, and who has been in all these years a faithful helper and friend. In 1866 she came in contact with Robert Lowry, with whom she has had many a conference on the phrasing of a hymn, and many a conversation on the phases of Christian experience. About the same time she became acquainted with T. F. Seward and C. G. Allen, who availed themselves of her flowing pen. On November 25, 1867, she had her first correspondence with W. H. Doane,

for whom she has written a large quantity of songs, besides the words for numerous cantatas, sometimes spending weeks at his house elaborating the material for special work. W. F. Sherwin she met on the day after Mr. Bradbury's funeral, and began a friendship which lasted till his death. In 1877 she was introduced to John R. Sweney and W. J. Kirkpatrick at the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting, who frequently call upon her for verses which they may use in their work. In 1876 she met Ira D. Sankey, for whom she has written some of her most effective songs, and who has recently drawn upon her talent in large measure for songs to be used in Gospel meetings. In 1872 she began to furnish Silas J. Vail with some hymns that became very popular. In 1878 she made some contributions to H. P. Danks, and has continued to do so. In 1879 she met Samuel Alman, and supplied him at intervals with material for his singing service. L. H. Biglow has been her steadfast friend as far back as Mr. Bradbury's time, and has given her every facility for the production and publication of her songs. It would be easy to extend this list. She has hosts of friends, and she is loyal to those who have proved their friendship. She quarrels with none, but she is quick to defend a friend who is attacked. She never forgets a favor, but she takes no revenge for a wrong done to herself. It is her nature to be confiding, and a suspicion

once aroused becomes painful to her. She takes it for granted that the world is honest, for she sees no reason why it should be otherwise. She is contented with the things that she has, and carries the sunshine of a quiet mind wherever she goes. The cheerfulness of her childhood remains with her, and her presence is a rebuke to every form of misanthropy. She takes pleasure in a lively story, and is as ready to sympathize in a case of distress. Her nervous temperament keeps her continually on the alert, but, when occasion requires, she can retire within herself, and be oblivious to all her surroundings.

As has already been intimated, Fanny Crosby does not mourn over the fact that she is blind. On the contrary, the writer of this sketch has frequently heard her say that if the gift of sight were offered her she would choose rather to remain as she is. She is firmly of the opinion that her blindness has proved a blessing. "If I had not been deprived of sight," she says, "I should never have received so good an education, nor have cultivated so fine a memory, nor have been able to do good to so many people." This is her consolation and her joy.

She does not seem to need a special inspiration in order to write. She has her moods, and therefore her verses are not of uniform grade. But she is very susceptible to a suggestion from without. One day, while meditating on the

leadings of Providence, a friend came into her room and gave her ten dollars. The unexpected gift awakened a train of thought that formulated itself in one of her best hymns, "All the Way My Saviour Leads Me." At another time her attention was called to the sweet sense of security felt by the soul that puts its whole trust in Jesus. Instantly the thought began to take metrical form, and, almost as rapidly as the words could be put together, she had struck off, in the white heat of her own religious emotion, that hymn of faith and comfort, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," which at once she adopted as her favorite. Under a similar impulse she wrote "Rescue the Perishing," a hymn of wonderful usefulness, and which, in diction and sentiment, is scarcely to be surpassed by anything she has ever produced. Multitudes of persons have been aroused to a better life, and multitudes more have been comforted in their time of sorrow, through the instrumentality of her hymns. Her influence over the young is beyond all calculation, and thousands who have passed through the Sunday-school during the last thirty years hold her in the tenderest regard as associated with the brightest days of their childhood. In every community in which her songs have been sung, stories are told of the sweet influence of her lines on life and character. She rarely appears in any assembly without calling forth witnesses to her power for good.

Sometimes the demonstration is dramatic. One evening she was present in a mission meeting when "Rescue the Perishing" was sung. A young man arose and told the story of his wanderings: Hungry and penniless, he was strolling through the streets one night when he heard the sound of singing. Entering the hall, he caught the words of this hymn. His heart broke in penitence. "I was just ready to perish," he said, "but that hymn, by the grace of God, saved me." Fancy the scene when the author and the speaker stood face to face, their eyes filled with tears, and the audience thrilled with the pathos of the meeting.

It is difficult to determine what is that element in a metrical composition by which it survives the general wreck. Songs and hymns in great numbers are thrown before the public, and kept afloat for a time by a mellifluous or "catchy" tune. They have their brief day, and then disappear. Evidently there is something more needed than a mere jingle of words in order to give a hymn an abiding life. Not even the highest grade of poetry will secure a fixed place in the service of praise if it be lacking in spiritual quality. There must be in a hymn something which is readily apprehended by the Christian consciousness, coming forth from the experience of the writer, and clothed in strong and inspiring words, if it would hold its place as a permanent

factor in Christian worship. The time has not yet come when Fanny Crosby's place among the hymn writers of Christendom may be determined; but it is safe to say that, of the many hymns which have come up from the throbbings of her warm heart, there will be found in the ultimate sifting no inconsiderable number which the world will not willingly let die.

Passing now through the later seventies of her useful life, she preserves all the sprightliness of her early years. Her friendships are fervent, and her hope is strong. She loves her work, and she finds her rest in Christ. In her younger days she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and its fellowship is still her comfort and delight. She engages in no doctrinal controversies, but speaks the language of Zion with saints of every name. She sits in her easy chair, holding an open book before her closed eyes, working her vivid concepts into hymnic phrases which her amanuensis writes down. Thus she spends her days, waiting her appointed time. When it comes, she will open her eyes on the glory that shall be revealed, and take her part in the new song.

SECULAR POEMS.

BELLS AT EVENING.

I TURNED from the crowded city,
And strolled by myself alone,
Languidly musing, and humming a tune
In a dull and drowsy tone,
Till I came to a lovely village
That nestled among the dells ;
Then my heart leaped up with a strange,
wild thrill
At the sound of the evening bells,—

Now bursting in sudden clangor,
Now melting in softer strains,
Till I felt the power of my soul entranced,
Held fast by unyielding chains ;
E'en now I can hear the echo
That floated among the dells ;
And I weep as then I wept for joy
At the sound of the evening bells.

Ah me, it is bright as ever,
The close of a halcyon day
That down in the vault of a moldering past
I thought I had laid away ;

But the same warm gush of feeling
Again in my bosom swells ;
And I wonder if still from the old church spire
Ring out those evening bells.

I think of that rustic village,
Secluded as once it stood,
With its dwellings so unpretending,
That sheltered the pure and good ;
And a lone, sweet voice is blending
With the echoes among the dells ;
And a form trips by with a fairy tread,
As I list to the evening bells.

I stand where a whitethorn blossoms,
But not by myself alone ;
I am looking into a girlish face,
And catching her every tone ;
And this is our young love's dawning ;
What rapture its memory tells !
And our hearts keep time with the mellow chime,
The chime of the evening bells.

O throb of a passing moment !
O bliss that will come no more !
We met, and too soon we parted ;
The dream of my life is o'er ;
The bells of my heart are silent ;
She sleeps in that distant clime ;
But I sometimes ask if her soul can hear
The bells at the evening time.

The bells of my heart are silent,
The springs of my youth are dry ;
And yet in my lonely musings
I long like a bird to fly ;
I yearn for one look at the village
That nestles among the dells ;
Then to pass away in the gloaming
'Mid the chiming of evening bells.

REETING TO THE CITIZENS OF BRIDGEPORT.

FRIENDS, around your growing city,
Rich in beauty, wealth and art,
Cling the best and purest feelings
Ever wakened in my heart.
Dear to me each laughing brooklet,
Dear to me each mossy rill,
And the home of my adoption,
May I call it, if I will ?
Home is where our memory lingers,
And our thoughts a vigil keep
O'er the graves our tears have hallowed,
Tears that only love can weep.
Rural cot and stately villa
Nestle 'mid your groves so fair ;
And in summer, O how sweetly
Comes the cool and fragrant air !

Once at close of day I wandered,
Musing on your wave-girt shore,
Through your seaside park so lovely,
Where the crested billows roar ;
And I thought the birds sang sweeter
Than they ever sang before.
Then I saw in queenly beauty,
Radiance flashing from her eye,
Freedom's goddess bending graceful
From her chariot in the sky ;
And she said in solemn accents,
While she held our banner bright,
Crimson with the blood of martyrs,
Gleaming in the rosy light :
From this patriotic city,
When the battle cry was heard,
And the fire of indignation
Every loyal bosom stirred—
From this patriotic city,
Rank by rank and corps by corps,
Rushed they on with lion courage ;
Some, alas ! returned no more.
But their names are not forgotten ;
On this monument they stand,
Wreathed in amaranthine laurels
Twined by love's immortal hand.
Then she smiling laved her pinions
In the white foam's dashing spray,
Blessed the monument she guarded,
Spread her wings and soared away.

Then a burst of choral music,
 Whence I knew not, filled the air ;
Were those patriot souls departed
 Hovering in the sunset there ?
In that crimson, cloudless sunset
 That before me shone so bright,
Did they vanish when its glory
 Passed forever from my sight ?

Friends, your city, from my girlhood,
 Was a treasured spot to me ;
Many a summer's glad vacation
 'Mid its wilds 'twas mine to see.
Time has added to its beauty,
 Changed the haunts I still recall,
But a light from past enjoyment
 Is reflected over all.
I can see the picnic gathered
 On the beach at evening time ;
I can see the full moon rising
 In her majesty sublime ;
And the fairy boat so graceful
 As it glided from the shore,
Till we scarcely heard the echo
 Of its lightly dipping oar.
Ah, perchance those simple customs
 Are not held so dear as then,
But have dwindled into shadows
 Of the things that once have been.

They were pleasant in their nature,
They were social of their kind,
And they left a healthful pleasure
In the young and eager mind.
Oft I clasp the hands of many
That in early days I met
When I hither came to visit
Mother, sisters, spared me yet ;
But some tender links have parted
From the chain affection wove,
And their hallowed dust is sleeping
In your lovely Mountain Grove.
And my full heart bending o'er them
Weeps not hopeless where they lie,
But believing through the Saviour
I shall meet them by and by—
Meet them in the soul's hereafter,
Meet them on the palmy shore,
In the sunny land of roses,
In the Christian's evermore.
Once I stood beside their gravestones,
When the leaves around me fell,
And the branches swayed above me,
And their moan was like a knell;
For a funeral train passed near me
To a grave but newly made,
And an infant in its beauty
Like a lily there was laid.
What a calm steals o'er my spirit
While in pensive thought I rove

Through the shaded walks that circle
 Round your quiet Mountain Grove.
 It was well and wisely chosen;
 And, when future years have fled,
 Let no changes that may follow
 E'er disturb the silent dead.

O'er your city may the blessing
 Of the holy One descend ;
 May its onward march continue,
 And its commerce wide extend ;
 And among its sweet environs
 May the yearly fruits abound ;
 With the smiles of peace and plenty
 May the farmer's toil be crowned.

THE RAINDROP.

A GOLDEN cloud came flitting by
 On the clear blue arch of a summer's sky ;
 And a crystal drop, as it lightly fell,
 Like an orient pearl in a lily bell,
 Had stolen a blush from the cheek of day
 That lingered there in its idle play,
 And spangled the raindrop pure and white
 With the wavy tints of its crimson light,
 Then flitted away in its sportive glee
 To a star that rose o'er the twilight sea.
 'Twas only its mirrored glance that shone,
 Like the memory sweet of some whispered tone,

And the beautiful raindrop looked in vain
For the beam that had gone to its source again,
Then turned to the bosom that loved it best,
And sighed as it wearily sank to rest.

And the lily smiled as it lingered there
And nestled soft in her petals fair,
And drank of the snowy cup she filled
With the balmy breath from her heart distilled ;
But a zephyr came, and it murmured low
As the tender cadence of streams that flow
Where the date tree bends like a stately queen
Her leaf-crowned head to the olive green ;
And aromas sweet from the flowers it bore,
That bloom in the vales of that far-off shore,
And the last wild song of a woodland bird,
And a sigh that a maiden's heart had stirred,
And a silver note as it lightly fell
From a lover's lute in a fairy dell ;
But while with the lily it seemed to play,
It wooed from her bosom the drop away
Ere the rosy morn from the dewy steep
Awakened the birds from their dreamy sleep ;
On her slender stem she had pined alone ;
Her heart and her life with that drop had flown.
And where was the truant ? O'er hill and glade
With the zephyr it passed through the forest shade
To a couch where a dying infant lay,
And a pale young mother had knelt to pray ;

And it moistened the lips that with fever burned,
And a light to the half-closed eyes returned ;
And it cooled his brow, and lulled his pain,
And dimpled his cheek with a smile again.
A warrior looked on his blushing bride
As she drew for a moment her veil aside,
And it shone on a wreath like a diamond rare,
'Mid the clustering curls of her auburn hair.
But dreary and sad was its fate at last,
For the roses died and the summer passed ;
And the zephyr, too, on its idle wing
Had left it alone like a blighted thing ;
And the frost spirit came when the night was still,
And it froze at the touch of his fingers chill ;
And the tale of the raindrop, bright and brief,
Is heard in the moan of the autumn leaf.

THE VIOLET'S ANSWER.

“ LITTLE violet, thou art lonely ;
Wilt thou come and bloom with me ?
All thy sister flowers have faded ;
None are left to care for thee.”
“ No,” she answered, “ let me rather
In this quiet valley stay ;
Near the graves of those I cherish
Let me live my life away,
Till I wither and decay.”

THE MAIDEN AND HER CANOE.

SPEEDING along so fleetly
Over the waters blue,
Who is that dark-eyed maiden
Guiding her bark canoe?
Swiftly the tide is flowing;
Is there no danger near,
Danger to her now gliding
Over the waters clear?
Ah, she has reached the forest,
Gayly she drops the oar;
Now like a fawn we see her
Leap to the emerald shore;
Laughing, she hurls an arrow
Quick from her painted bow;
Is it a promised signal?
Where will the arrow go?
Yonder a stalwart hunter
Peers through the deepening shade,
Catches the lover's token,
Welcomes the gentle maid.
Now in her queenly beauty
Rises the summer moon;
All the young flowers are sleeping,
All the sweet flowers of June;
What doth the hunter whisper
Soft in the maiden's ear?
Why is her warm cheek blushing?
Say, shall we pause and hear?

Ah, there are vows repeated,
 Pledges of love are given,
 Pure as the stars that glisten
 Bright in the arch of heaven.
 Now to her home returning
 Over the waters blue,
 Lightly the happy maiden
 Sings in her bark canoe.
 Wind of the east, old Wabun,
 Wake from thy drowsy sleep,
 Scatter the breath of lilies
 Over the crystal deep ;
 Touch not the maiden's tresses ;
 Love hath her heart beguiled ;
 Spirits of air, watch o'er her,
 Rose of the forest wild.

MINNIE'S BIRTHDAY.

I SAT in the soft gray twilight,
 And mused on a single star
 That shone like a sparkling jewel
 And scattered its beams afar ;
 I sat by a murmuring brooklet,
 And, low on a mossy bed
 That cradled a pure white lily,
 I pillowed my weary head ;
 A balmy sleep stole o'er me,
 And lightly I sped away

Where a social group had gathered
On a maiden's natal day ;
And the maiden was young and happy ;
And her mild eyes seemed so bright,
I thought they had caught a luster
From the star that had blessed my sight ;
I saw it ere slumber wooed me ;
And now to that rustic bower
It came with the smile of the angel
That guarded that festive hour.

I sat in the soft gray twilight,
Unseen by that goodly throng,
And I heard their voices blending
In many a joyous song ;
And the maiden was young and gentle ;
So gentle was she and kind,
The lily beside the brooklet
Was still with my dream entwined ;
And many a wish was tendered,
And sealed with affection's tears,
That the roses which then were budding
Might bloom in her after years ;
And a mother's heart beat fondly
As she looked on her daughter fair,
And the dewy breeze bore upward
A sigh and a fervent prayer—
A prayer that no lips but a mother's
With feelings so warm can breathe—
A prayer that a Saviour's blessing
Might follow that birthday eve.

Like the parting of summer wavelets
As they sink to a calm repose,
Were the sweet good-byes that were spoken
At that festive evening's close ;
But the star of the soft gray twilight
Will ne'er from the maiden part,
And the lily beside the brooklet
Will live in her guileless heart.

What meaneth this play of fancy ?
And who can the maiden be ?
Say, Minnie, canst thou not guess it ?
I'll help thee, for thou art she ;
And I pray that thy life may ever
Flow onward as calmly bright
As the star and the smile of the angel
That rest on thy brow to-night.

NANNETTE.

'TIS years since first she came to me
In all her merry girlish glee ;
And yet my fancy now can trace
Her sylphlike form, her modest grace,
Her dimpled cheeks of rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and eyes so blue
That from their azure depths serene
The lovelight of her soul was seen.
O never can my heart forget
Our little Queen of May, Nannette.

How timid, when we chose her queen,
And crowned her on the village green !
Yet in a moment, self-possessed,
A few brief words her thanks expressed,
And then in song and artless play
The hours went by till close of day.
And Harry Lee remembers yet
Our little Queen of May, Nannette ;
He sought her 'neath a rustic shade
To which from mazy dance she strayed ;
And, not unwilling, did she hear
His honest vows of love sincere ;
Nor was it strange ere set of sun
Their hearts had melted into one.

Three happy summers came and went,
And Harry all his powers had bent
To one great object, which had proved
How hard he toiled, how deep he loved.
'Twas gained at last ; he saw complete
A simple dwelling, plain and neat,
And dear Nannette, his loving bride,
Its happy mistress and its pride.
I know he never will forget
Our little Queen of May, Nannette.

TO A BIRD.

THE dewdrops are melting away, my bird,
The sunbeams are kissing the flowers ;
And hast thou no greeting, no song of delight,
To welcome these lovely hours ?

O why art thou drooping and sad, my bird ?
And why dost thou cease to sing ?
Wouldst thou fly to the groves of thine own fair
isle ?
Art thou eager to spread thy wing ?

And what if I let thee go, my bird ?
How heartless I then should be ;
For the journey is long, and thy strength would fail ;
Thou wouldst never come back to me.

I will give thee a glad surprise, my bird ;
Thou shalt play with the laughing breeze ;
I will hang thy cage in a shady nook ;
It shall swing in the leafy trees.

Ah, now thou art happy again, my bird,
And thy voice rings out so clear
That the robin, the wren, and the bluebird, too,
Are coming its thrill to hear.

Ah, yes, thou art happy again, my bird,
And lonely thou ne'er shalt be ;
I will make thy life like a sweet spring day,
If still thou wilt carol for me.

VOICE OF THE NIGHT WIND.

VOICE of the night wind, mournfully stealing
Forth from the depths of thy dark ocean cave,
Shrieking in terror, wailing in pity,
Chanting a dirge o'er the mariner's grave,—
What art thou saying? eager, I listen,
Catching each note of thy tremulous moan,
While my worn spirit, pining with anguish,
Sighs for the friends that have left it alone.

Voice of the night wind, speak to me gently,
Tell of the days that were cloudless and bright;
Bring, if thou canst, the fond hopes I have cherished,
Clothe them in beauty and deck them with light;
Still thou art sighing, drearily sighing,
Fitfully breathing thy desolate moan,
While my worn spirit, crushed and forsaken,
Weeps for the friends that have left it alone.

THE OLD YEAR.

SHALL I weep for thee, Old Year?
I rejoiced when thou wert born;
And, with mirth and festive cheer,
How I hailed the blushing morn,
Cold and crisp, and yet so clear!
Shall I weep for thee, Old Year?

Thou art dying, and the bell
Soon will toll thy parting knell
Through the lonely, silent dell,
 Where, with footstep light and free,
 When the dew was on the lea,
And the violets came in spring,
Like a bird I used to sing ;
 But the winter now is here ;
 Shall I weep for thee, Old Year ?

O the winter of the heart
 When it hears the stormwinds blow,
When it sees each flower depart,
 When it lays them 'neath the snow,
 'Neath the white and feathery snow !
 How it longs like thee to go !
For its days are dark and drear ;
Shall I weep for thee, Old Year ?

Thou art gone, and in thy place,
With a bright and smiling face,
 Comes the New Year, fair as thou,
 With a chaplet on his brow ;
And his voice is sweet and clear ;
Shall I weep for thee, Old Year ?

But the spring will come ere long,
 And my heart will then be gay,
When I hear the wild bird's song
 As in many a bygone day,
And the sky will be as clear
As thine own, O vanished year.

AMERICAN HEARTS AND HOMES.

YE may sing of the palmy isles that sleep
Like pearls on the ocean's breast,
Where the spirits of beauty their vigil keep,
And the oriole builds her nest ;
Ye may tell of the classic founts that flow
In the sweet Arcadian bowers,
Where the mellow tints of the sunlight glow
As they play with the rosy hours.

But give me the land of the rocking pine
And the brave old forest oak,
That rang with the lofty strains sublime
That our Pilgrim Fathers woke,
When their barque was moored and its anchor cast
'Mid the glow of the setting sun,
When the storms of the troubled deep were passed,
And their weary voyage was done.

There was joy in the hearts of our Pilgrim Sires
As on Plymouth Rock they stood,
And the welcome light of their crackling fires
Loomed up through the forest wood ;
And they praised the Lord and adored His grace
Who had brought them o'er the sea ;
For now they had found a resting place,
And to worship Him were free.

Though dreary and wild was that wave-girt shore,
And cold was the wintry air,

The voice of the tyrant was heard no more ;
The angel of peace was there ;
And a radiant gem from her crown she set
In the path where the moonlight roams—
A star that in glory is shining yet
O'er American hearts and homes.

O, that beacon of hope in the darkest hour
That hung o'er oppression's night,
Was the guard of the brave ; and they felt its
power
As they looked on its steady light ;
But over each link of the tyrant's chain
The surge of old ocean foams,
And Freedom the goddess that dwells and reigns
In American hearts and homes.

Now the Stars and Stripes of our country wave
Far, far o'er the distant sea,
And herald the deeds of the gallant brave,
And tell of the noble free ;
And the lonely exile worn with grief,
As weary and sad he roams,
May find for each sorrow a sweet relief
In American hearts and homes.

Let me die in the land where my native streams
In their stately grandeur flow ;
Where the tender smile of affection beams,
And the skies in their beauty glow ;

On the standard of Freedom my eyes would rest
Ere my spirit heavenward roams ;
I would give the last sigh of a faithful breast
To American hearts and homes.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

“THEY'RE coming home to-morrow night ;
A happy time 'twill be ;”

The old man wiped his spectacles,
And rubbed his hands with glee ;

“ We'll have the candles lighted,
And burning in the hall ;

They're coming home to-morrow night,
The little ones and all.

“ Now, Susie, don't be idle ;

There's heaps of work to do ;
The pumpkin pies are yet to make,

The tarts and doughnuts, too ;
Your limbs are young and supple,
And therefore you should be

As nimble as a cricket,
And busy as a bee.

“ Poor grandma can't do everything,
For she is growing old ;

And yet, for all, I tell you
She's worth your weight in gold.

There, grandpa was not scolding ;
Don't cry, but run away ;
They're coming home to-morrow night,
To spend Thanksgiving Day.

" I am too harsh with Susie ;
I wish I was not so ;
She always tries to please me,
And does her best, I know ;
She left her home and parents,
And came with us to stay ;
Well, she shall have a brand-new comb
To wear Thanksgiving Day.

" Ah, there she comes with grandma,
As chipper as a bird,
Her face all smiles and sunshine ;
She has not told a word ;
She never tells, but hides them,
The cruel words I say ;
But she'll not be the loser
On next Thanksgiving Day.

" They're coming home to-morrow night,
Ruth, Phœbe, Grace, and Ann,
Josiah, David, Benjamin,
Luke, Abel, Nate, and Dan,
Their children, wives, and husbands, too ;
Some now are on their way ;
They'll all be home to-morrow night,
To spend Thanksgiving Day.

“ Our Dan is Susie’s father ;
A likely boy was he ;
He married very early ;
His wife was Patience Lee,
The finest girl in Springfield,
And well-to-do beside ;
The Worcester folks turned out, I guess,
When Dan brought home his bride.

“ Our children are not handsome,
But, like their mother, good ;
She never spared the rod on them,
But trained them as she should ;
They’re every one a credit ;
And proud am I to say,
They’re coming home to-morrow night,
To spend Thanksgiving Day.”

Up rose that stalwart farmer
Of threescore years and ten,
And one might almost fancy
He was growing young again ;
He stepped around so quickly ;
And oft was heard to say,
“ They’re coming home to-morrow night,
To spend Thanksgiving Day.”

He walked about the farmyard,
Among the poultry there,
And looked to see that all were fed,
With more than usual care ;

And then he met a neighbor,
And stopped him just to say,
“They’ll all be home to-morrow night,
To spend Thanksgiving Day.”

At length the morrow’s morning
Broke cloudless and serene,
And Farmer Jones was early
A watcher of the scene ;
His consort, too, had risen ;
And Susie, glad and gay,
Called out, “Good morning, grandpa ;
I’m just fifteen to-day.”

“Then you shall have a present,”
Her grandpa smiling said ;
“What shall I bring you, Daisy ? ”
He stroked her glossy head ;
She looked at him and answered,
Through tears that glistened bright,
“O love me just a little
When they all come home to-night.”

And long before the shadows
Had gathered in the west,
The baking was completed,
The poultry killed and dressed ;
The pretty comb was purchased,
And Susie heard to say,
“Dear grandpa, how I thank you ;
You’ve cheered my heart to-day.”

Soon wagon after wagon
Rolled up before the door ;
The house was filled with music
And merriment once more ;
The candles, too, were lighted,
And burning in the hall,
And Farmer Jones was shaking hands
With little ones and all.

The evening meal concluded,
The children snug in bed,
The older ones grew thoughtful,
And then a prayer was said ;
And Farmer Jones with reverence
Did not forget to say,
“ I praise Thee, Lord, that all are here,
To spend Thanksgiving Day.”

And once again 'twas morning ;
In health they all arose ;
Beneath their own paternal roof
How tranquil their repose !
The day was soft and balmy,
And all to church had gone,
Except the little ones they left
To play upon the lawn.

The sermon was impressive,
It spoke of by-gone years ;
And all the congregation
Were melted into tears—

Glad tears they were, and grateful
To Him who from above
Had blessed their yearly harvest,
And crowned it with His love.

A simple prayer was offered,
And then the Pastor came,
Shook hands with all so warmly,
And greeted each by name;
The poor were not forgotten,
Nor slighted by the way,
But shared his benediction
On that Thanksgiving Day.

Home went our friends delighted ;
The hour was somewhat late ;
The large, old-fashioned table groaned
Beneath its heavy weight
Of poultry, pies, and puddings,
Of every name and kind,
And fragrant tea that so revives
And renovates the mind.

And thus the day wore onward,
Till all its joys were passed ;
The stars came out at twilight,
The evening closed at last ;
And, when to rest retiring,
They all were heard to say,
“ God bless our dear New England
For such a glorious day.”

CORA LEE: A CHRISTMAS STORY.

FOR CHILDREN.

'Twas Christmas Eve, and from the street
Was heard the tread of merry feet,
And happy voices. All were glad ;
How could a single heart be sad
When such a festival was near,
The greatest one of all the year ?
The bells gave out a clearer tone,
The lamps with dazzling beauty shone
From windows filled with costly toys,
Inviting groups of girls and boys
To come and purchase if they would ;
And wealth and want together stood—
The one with lavish hand to buy,
The other with a wishful eye
To gaze, admire, and turn away
Dejected from that bright array.

Now busy toil gave place to rest,
And homes were brilliant, churches dressed
With evergreens, festooned with flowers,
To greet the blessed Christmas hours ;
And children's parties, too, there were,
And trees all hung with presents rare,
And cherry lips that pouting said,
As wearily the golden head

Dropped on its pillow soft and white,
"O nurse, my stocking is so small
That, when old Santa comes to-night,
He will not know it's there at all ;
I want a bigger one than this ;"
And then, in sweet forgetfulness,
How soon beneath each silken lid
Those lovely, laughing orbs were hid !
"Joy ! joy ! mamma," cried Cora Lee,
"Look what papa has brought for me—
A set of jewels, pin and rings,
A pair of bracelets, just the things ;
See how they glitter in the light ;
I know I'll be a belle to-night ;
These jewels make my dress complete ;
Mamma, do you not think them sweet ? "
Her mother shook her head and sighed ;
"Why, Cora, darling," she replied,
"I thought your dress complete before ;
It really needed nothing more ;
Papa's indulgent love, I fear,
Has made you proud and vain, my dear ;
Now while your gathering ought to be
A scene of gay festivity,
While every face with joy should glow,
No time your vanity to show ;
Remember why this eve we keep,
And, ere you close your eyes to sleep,
Kneel down, my child, and ask of Heaven
That this your fault may be forgiven."

That moment, by her conscience swayed,
Had Cora listened and obeyed,
The evening pleasantly had passed ;
But now a shade is o'er it cast ;
With marked displeasure on her face,
That pained her mother's heart to trace,
She sought her room, and closed the door,
And in the mirror o'er and o'er
Surveyed her form, indulged her pride,
And yet, with all dissatisfied,
She would have given worlds to feel
One loving arm around her steal ;
But merry voices from below
Were calling her, and she must go.
She met her friends, and tried to say
As many cheerful things as they ;
Her mother joined the happy throng,
And led them in a choral song ;
And Santa Claus in furs arrayed
His annual Christmas visit paid,
And, as he many times had done,
A present gave to everyone ;
'Twas strange that Cora's gift should be
A book, its name " Humility."
With wishes for the coming day,
The guests delighted went away ;
And Cora in her room once more
Took up her book and looked it o'er.
She knew who Santa Claus had been,
And needed not to ask again

What mamma meant ; she knew it all ;
And sadly did her thoughts recall
Her ill-timed anger when reproved,
And justly, too, by one she loved.
And now that little work explained
Humility, and how 'twas gained
By sacrifice of worldly pride,
And, taken as our only guide,
The words of Him who came on earth,
Despised, oppressed, of lowly birth,
And bore our sins upon the tree
That cleansed from sin we all might be.
And, as she read, the midnight bell
Upon the air like music fell ;
Then, kneeling there, she asked of Heaven
That all her faults might be forgiven.
O, did a voice to hers reply ?
Was Bethlehem's star in yonder sky ?
And did its glory shine again
As when it rose on Bethlehem's plain,
While multitudes of angels sang,
And heaven with hallelujahs rang ?
Too happy she for sleep that night,
But with the blush of morning light
She told her parents what had passed,
And how her faith had found at last
A jewel, fadeless, priceless, rare,
That in her soul she meant to wear,
Till, in her crown of life divine,
Its luster should forever shine.

BID ME GOOD NIGHT.

BID me good night with those eloquent eyes,
Blue as the depths of the star-jeweled skies,
Pure as the soul that looks out in their gaze ;
Blame not, O blame not my tribute of praise ;
Come, for the moments are speeding their flight ;
Bid me good night, darling, bid me good night.

Bid me good night with a smile that will say
More than thy language can ever portray ;
Then let me carry that smile in my heart,
Changed to a pearl by love's magical art ;
Come, for the moments are speeding their flight ;
Bid me good night, darling, bid me good night.

Bid me good night with a sigh that will tell
Every sweet impulse thou knowest so well,
All thy affection confided to me,
All the fond vows I have whispered to thee ;
Come, for the moments are speeding their flight ;
Bid me good night, darling, bid me good night.

Bid me good night with a word that can speak
All I am hoping and all that I seek ;
Wishing my dreams may be happy and bright,
Bid me good night, darling, bid me good night ;
Come, for the moments are speeding their flight ;
Bid me good night, darling, bid me good night.

A TRIBUTE TO CINCINNATI.

WHAT? forget thee, Cincinnati,
Lovely city of the West?
Never till the pulse of feeling
Throbs its last within my breast.
I have spent such days of pleasure,
O, such months of joy in thee,
That the very thought of leaving
Brought unwelcome tears to me.
I can see thy stately buildings;
They are all before me yet;
I can see thy fountain goddess
Throw aloft a spray of jet;
Taste, magnificence and splendor
In that work of art are shown,
Far exceeding in impression
Anything I e'er have known.
Churches, Sunday-schools and missions
Do thee credit, every one;
For the humble and the lowly
Thou a noble work hast done.
In a church I heard, one Sabbath—
And it seemed to me sublime—
Fifteen hundred children singing
“ Precious Name ” in perfect time.
Thou canst boast a hall of learning
Filled with books of endless store;
And that Wesleyan College numbers
Half a century and more.

What a glorious scene to view it
Grouped with girls of talents rare,
Poring o'er its ponderous volumes—
Not a moment wasted there !
And, among thy sweet environs,
Pleasant thoughts are clinging still
Round the names of dear Mount Auburn,
Clifton Park, and Corryville.
There's a dwelling on Mount Auburn
That my heart remembers well ;
I ascend to its veranda,
And my hand is on the bell.
Just the same as when I left it,
Comes the old familiar sound ;
Now the door flies quickly open,
And I enter with a bound.
I must calm this burst of transport,
I must stay its sudden flight,
For my brain is growing giddy
'Mid a whirl of gay delight.
With the first warm greeting over,
Up the easy stairs I glide ;
By a cheerful grate they place me,
All my wrappings thrown aside.
Then begins a conversation,
And the time flies quick and fast ;
By and by a summons calls us
To the closing day's repast.
This is not a dreamy picture
Drawn from fancies floating free ;

That Mount Auburn home is real,
 True to life as truth can be.
 What? forget thee, Cincinnati,
 Lovely city of the West?
 Never till the pulse of feeling
 Throbs its last within my breast.

POETS' CORNER.

THOMAS MOORE.

O BARD of Erin, who like thee
 Could paint that boat on Omar's sea;
 Those frightful rocks where, blade in hand,
 Around their chief the Ghebers stand;
 The unequal strife, the flames that rise
 Where Hafed vanquished falls and dies,
 While Hinda, shrieking for the brave,
 Is lost forever 'neath the wave?

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Among thy rich, prolific lays,
 I most of all admire and praise
 King Arthur's passing; this has won
 Thy brightest laurels, Tennyson.

MRS. HEMANS.

Canst thou behold, from yonder sky,
 Where once the breaking waves dashed high
 On rock-bound coast, and, midst their roar
 Upon the wild New England shore,
 While night hung heavy, cold and dark,
 A band of exiles moored their barque?

ELIZA COOK.

I treasure yet the old armchair,
And on my heart its memory bear;
And still Britannia loudly cheers
Thy banner of a thousand years.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Prayer was thy burden of a sigh,
The upward glancing of thine eye,
Thy vital breath, thy native air,
And thou did'st enter Heaven with prayer.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Thy harp was made and tuned above;
Its songs are of a Saviour's love,
Of palm and crown, and city fair,
And spotless robes the righteous wear.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Sweet Laughing Water! dear to me
That Indian tale will ever be,
So blent with every witching art
That lures the sense and charms the heart.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Didst hear thy summons when it came,
When soft the angel breathed thy name?
Didst round thee fold thy drapery white,
And, bidding all the world good night,
Beneath that star from heaven that beams,
Didst lay thee down to pleasant dreams?

J. G. WHITTIER.

I would be Snow Bound many a day
If I could sit and hear thee say,
"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these, it might have been."

N. P. WILLIS.

Thy Hagar when the tent she left,
Of all except her pride bereft,
Thy leper cleansed by power divine—
All at this moment round me twine;
O Willis, would thy muse were mine.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

What transport in my heart awoke
When first I heard thy Charter Oak!
That seemed an inspiration given
By Him who called thee home to heaven.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Yes, poet, yes, I weep for thee;
Parted for aye on earth are we,
Like mountain streams that shall unite
In that vast river of delight
Which hath its source in yonder clime
Where bells of joy forever chime.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

Dear sister, o'er the wave-girt sea
A kindred spirit yearns for thee,
And longs in heart to clasp thy hand,
And greet thee in her native land,—

To mingle friendship's tones with thine,
To kneel with thee at that loved shrine
Where both, perchance, at evening meet,
And hold with God communion sweet.

You from whose garner I have gleaned
Such precious fruit, the task has seemed
So pleasant that my humble pen
Would fain resume its work again ;
In your bright realms 'twere bliss to stay ;
But time forbids, and I obey.

THE MONARCH AND THE MINSTREL.

"PEACE, minstrel, peace ; I'll hear no more ;
I have been weary long ;
There is no music in thy heart,
Nor passion in thy song ;
Back to thy dungeon ; thou hast failed
To give me what I crave ;
Go, wear thy chains ; they suit thee well ;
Go, thou art still a slave ;
What care I for thy prosy tales ?
They have no charm for me ;
I want the strains of bards that lived
In times of chivalry,
When cross and crescent lit a spark
That fired the daring brave ;
But, like a statue, thou art dumb,
And thou should'st die a slave.

“Thou knowest naught of Palestine,
Or of the bold crusade
Against the rude and savage hordes
On eastern fields arrayed.
I’ve stood upon the very spot ;
E’en now in thought I stand
Where lion-hearted Richard stood
Among his trusty band
Of noble warriors clad in steel,
And proof against the foe ;
Their glittering swords where’er they came
Struck death at every blow.
Thy words are false ; thou canst not sing
Their deeds, those champions brave ;
But thou shalt quail beneath my wrath,
And be tenfold a slave.
I had, and well I mind him now,
A page of talent rare,
A slender boy of graceful mien,
And like a maiden fair ;
He had the skill to comprehend
What pleased his monarch best,
And when that monarch’s heart grew faint,
He hushed its care to rest ;
His lute (methought the gods had tuned
Its wild, ecstatic thrill)
Could soothe me in my fiercest moods,
And bend me to its will ;
He sang of beauty, fame, and love,
Of victory and the brave ;

He sang as thou canst never sing ;

No, thou shalt die a slave."

"Hold, monarch, hold," the minstrel cried,
With bloodless lip and cheek,

"Thou art unjust to blame me thus ;

My fettered limbs are weak ;

How can I wake my lute's proud strings

To victory and the brave ?

How can I sing the song thou lov'st

When I am but a slave ?

Remove these cruel manacles,

Unclasp this heavy chain,

And let me breathe the blessed air

Of freedom once again.

I've seen thy colors o'er and o'er

In many a battle wave ;

I was thy pampered favorite then,

But now I'm but thy slave.

Thou drov'st me hence ; dost thou forget

The wrong I bore from thee ?

Did'st thou not brand me with a crime

Of which my soul was free ?

Though but a humble peasant boy,

I ne'er purloined thy ring ;

And now, a prisoner, and thy slave,

I have no heart to sing.

Why did'st thou bear me from the field

Where sick and faint I lay ?

For life and song in one brief hour

Would both have passed away.

Unknown to thee, above my head
I saw thy dagger wave ;
Far better thou had'st slain me then
Than let me live thy slave."

"Take heed, take heed," the monarch said ;
"Play thou no prank with me,
For by my sword and by my crown
Thy skill shall tested be."

His chains fell off, and o'er the lute
His fingers quickly ran,
And sang he of the glorious time
When Richard led the van.

"'Tis he ! 'tis he !" the monarch cried,
And clasped him to his heart ;
"O minstrel, minstrel, thou art free,
From me thou ne'er shalt part.
Forgive me, boy, forgive thy liege,
And grant the boon I crave ;
Be thou my pampered favorite still,
My minstrel, not my slave."

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

WITH starry flag and sable plume
They bore him to his rest,
And laid the green and fragrant sod
Upon the warrior's breast ;

And slowly, softly, chanted they
A requiem o'er the brave,
Then left the watchers in the sky
To guard the soldier's grave.

He stood among the shattered ranks
On that dread field afar,
Where with the dawning Sabbath shone
The panoply of war ;
And foaming steeds dashed madly on
With hot and fiery breath,
Whose riders, e'er the twilight came,
Were cold and still in death.

The vulture to its ghastly prey
Flew screaming through the air,
Its cruel talons buried deep
In many a victim there ;
And, all that ne'er forgotten night,
Sad wail and bitter groan
Came struggling up from anguished hearts
That broke and died alone.

The soldier's grave—how sweet to think
He saw his home once more ;
And though he had but strength to reach
The threshold of its door,
The tender light of kindred eyes
His soul a comfort gave ;
He knew that love would gather flowers
To deck the soldier's grave.

The soldier's grave—disturb it not,
But let one grateful tear
Drop gently o'er the sacred urn
Of him who slumbers here ;
Touch not a leaf on yonder tree
Whose branches o'er him wave ;
By friendship's hand 'twas planted there
To grace the soldier's grave.

Though on no sculptured monument
Is carved his well-earned fame,
And only on a simple stone
We read his age and name,—
Yet they who saw him wield his sword
With arm so strong and brave
Will hallow with their hearts' best tears
The comrade soldier's grave.

Alas ! that noble, honest worth
Should thus unhonored sleep,
With only those who know it best
Above its dust to weep,
While vaunting, boasting, selfish pride,
To cowardice a slave,
Oft wears a wreath it never won,
And shares a patriot's grave !

Yet in that great decisive day
When right shall claim its own,
When every thought and word and work
Now hidden shall be known,—

When peace shall hush the clang of war,
And love her standard wave,—
Then, with the palms they died to win,
Shall truth reward the brave.

ONLY A LEAF.

'TIS only a leaf, a withered leaf,
But its story is fraught with pain ;
'Twas the gift of one who is far away,
And will never return again ;
'Tis only a leaf, a withered leaf,
And yet I prize it so,
For it brings to my memory the brightest hour
I ever on earth shall know.

Ah, smile if you will ; your lot is cast
Where pleasures around you twine,
And your heart in its gladness can never know
The grief that is breaking mine ;
You have wealth and friends and a happy home,
With never a thought of gloom ;
But my life is cold, and its hopes are dead,
And my heart is a living tomb.

He was all I had in the world to love,
He was all who cared for me ;
And I watched his boat till I saw it sail
Like a speck on the broad blue sea ;

And there came a voice, 'twas a dirgelike voice,
Out of the deep, dark wave ;
And it told of one in a stranger land
That would sleep in a stranger's grave.

And I closed my eyes, and hid my face,
And uttered a low, sad cry,
As I laid me down on that lonely shore
And prayed that I might die ;
And though my prayer was a selfish prayer,
I know it was all forgiven,
For a beam shot down that illumed my soul
From a pitying eye in heaven.

'Twas only a leaf, a withered leaf,
But I gaze on it o'er and o'er,
And I think of a hand that held it first,
A hand I shall clasp no more ;
I know not how, but a message came,
A message that briefly said,
" Farewell, my own, it is over now ;
The dream of our youth has fled."

I pressed the scroll to my burning lips,
And the leaf to my lonely breast
That beat and throbbed with an aching throb,
And was filled with a wild unrest ;
And I still live on, like a captive bird
That pines in its cage so fair,
And longs for a breath from the orange groves,
And thinks that its mate is there.

'Tis only a leaf, a withered leaf,
But its story is fraught with pain ;
'Twas the gift of one who is far away,
And will never return again ;
He will never return ; but I feel ere long
My spirit with his shall be,
And the old-time love shall be sweeter there
Where I know that he waits for me.

CORA BELL.

WHERE the brooklet from the hillside
Laughs and sparkles on its way,
And the downy crested robin
Trills and carols all the day,—
Where the springtime lingers longest,
And the summer loves to dwell,
Where the autumn fruits are sweetest,
Bloomed our darling Cora Bell.

Chorus :

There was gladness in her footstep,
And her song was like a spell ;
Every birdling in the valley
Knew the voice of Cora Bell.

Now among the roses hiding,
Now, in merry childish glee,
Breathing strains our lips had taught her,
O, 'twas joy her form to see ;

What a treasure heaven had lent us !
 How we loved her none can tell ;
 Sweetest bird that ever blossomed
 Was our darling Cora Bell.

Silent, voiceless, to our dwelling
 Came a stranger wan and pale,
 Laid his cold and icy fingers
 On our lily of the vale ;
 While we watched her drooping, fading,
 O'er our hearts a sorrow fell,
 And the zephyr, moaning, sighing,
 Called in vain our Cora Bell.

Where the brooklet from the hillside
 Wanders on its pretty way,
 And the ringdove for its playmate
 Sits and pines the long, long day,—
 There we laid a broken casket,
 But the soul we know full well
 Through the gate of life has entered ;
 There we'll meet our Cora Bell.

OUR BABY.

YOU have never seen our baby,
 Never felt our Dottie's kiss
 From her pretty lips of coral,
 Or your heart would thrill with bliss ;

You may think your own a treasure,
And the fairest of your flowers ;
Though she may be all you paint her,
She's not half so sweet as ours.

No, you never saw our baby,
And her laugh you never heard ;
She is winsome, she is playful,
Ever cooing like a bird ;
And her brow is white as snowflakes,
Rosy dimples on her cheek ;
And her brown eyes, bright as diamonds,
How they sparkle when we speak !

O, you ought to see our baby ;
She is growing every day ;
Every moment she beguiles us
With some artless, winning way ;
And we know the angels guard her,
And a loving watch they keep ;
And we fancy 'tis their whisper
Makes her smile when fast asleep.

O, you should have seen our baby
Only just an hour ago,
Dancing in our arms so lightly
While her face was all aglow ;
While her little chubby fingers
Tried to catch a sunlit ray
As it darted through the window,
And as quickly ran away.

Would you like to see our baby ?
Like a lily she is fair ;
Would you throw your arms around her ?
Would you kneel with us in prayer
That the God of love and mercy
Would protect her for our sake ?
For should aught betide our darling,
I am sure our hearts would break.

Did you say, " God bless our baby ? "
How we thank you for the word ;
And the best and purest feelings
In our bosoms you have stirred ;
Did you say, " God keep our baby ? "
We'll remember you for this,
And our Dottie, when she sees you,
Will reward you with a kiss.

THE SOLDIER'S REVERIE.

How the ever fleeting seasons
Like an arrow speed away !
What ! another year departed,
And another floral day !
Wheel my chair beside the window,
That my eyes may look once more
On the few surviving comrades
Who will pass my cottage door.

They are coming in the distance,
With a slow and measured tread ;
They are coming with their garlands
For our country's hallowed dead ;
And how oft I sit and wonder,
When my form entombed shall be,
If, among those noble veterans,
There'll be one to care for me !

In the foremost of the battle,
'Mid the scream of shot and shell,
Side by side we fought together
For the flag we loved so well ;
But those dreadful scenes are over,
And their gloom has passed away ;
There's no North nor South, but Union,
In our native land to-day.

O that sound of martial music !
How it thrills me with its strain,
Bringing back my soldier courage
And my patriot pride again !
Though the sands of life are ebbing,
And I have not long to stay,
Yet I love the sacred memories
Of this grand Memorial Day.

When the march of life is ending,
And its closing hour draws near,
When before our great Commander
We are summoned to appear,—

To the roll-call that shall echo
Like a trumpet through the sky,
May we each of us be ready
With the answer, "Here am I."

THE HEART.

THE heart ! the heart ! O wound it not,
That fond yet fragile thing ;
Whose tendrils, like the clustering vine,
Around thine own would cling.

Though sunny beams may o'er thee play,
And smiles thy lip may wreath,
And tender blossoms, pure and white,
Their dewy fragrance breathe,—

Thou canst not tell in after years
How dark thy fate may be ;
Then spurn thou not the trusting heart
That warmly beats for thee.

The heart ! the heart ! O crush it not ;
'Tis but a fragile thing ;
An altered look, a chilling word,
Might break its sweetest string.

When, one by one, thy treasured hopes
Like withered leaves shall fall,
Then wilt thou mourn, alas, too late,
What tears can ne'er recall.

TWILIGHT HOUR.

VOICE of the twilight hour,
How sweet is thy sound to me !
For my soul is entranced by thy soothing power,
And its sorrows are lost in thee ;
Thou art heard in the trembling strings
Of the harp which the breezes wake ;
In the bird, as her farewell note she sings
To the golden hues which the sunset flings
O'er the breast of the silver lake.

THEY ARE GONE.

THEY are gone, those bright and blissful hours
When the soft wind laughed 'mid the greenwood
bowers,
And the night bird caroled her pensive lay
As faded the crimson tints of day ;

And the dewdrops came at the evening's close
To sleep on the breast of the mountain rose ;
They are gone ; those blissful hours are past,
And a snow-white robe on the earth is cast.

And O, when our friends beloved have fled
To the cold, cold mansions of the dead,
Like the fragrant flowers may we cease to bloom,
And sleep with them in the peaceful tomb.

SPEAK NOT HARSHLY.

SPEAK not harshly when reproofing
Those from duty's path who stray ;
If we would reclaim the erring,
Kindness must each action sway.

Speak not harshly to the wayward ;—
Win their confidence—their love ;
They will feel how pure the motive
That hath led us to reprove.

Speak not harshly to the stranger,
Though he comes in humble guise ;
Think how slight a thing would kindle
Gladness in a stranger's eyes.

Speak not harshly to the felon,
Though like adamant his heart ;
Touch one chord of fond affection,
And the scalding tear may start.

Speak not harshly to the orphan,
He has borne of grief his share ;
Add not to his heavy burden,
Add not to corroding care.

Speak not harshly, was the precept
Which to man the Saviour taught ;—
May that precept ever guide us—
Gentle words will cost us naught.

MAMMA'S LULLABY.

Tired, so tired, my baby, thou art,
Beautiful sunbeam, the joy of my heart ;
Tired, so tired, but why dost thou weep ?
Mamma will rock thee and sing thee to sleep ;
Lullaby, lullaby, hush thee to rest,
Pillowed so gently and warm on my breast ;
Love o'er thy cradle a vigil will keep,
Mamma will rock thee and sing thee to sleep.

Dear little baby, so lovely and fair,
Sweet Easter lily, my treasure and care,
Mamma will rock thee through all the long hours,
Mamma will sing thee of fairies and flowers ;
What though the twilight is stealing away
All the young birdlings that carol to-day ?
What though the shadows around thee may
creep ?
Mamma will rock thee and sing thee to sleep.

Hide 'neath their lashes those pretty blue eyes,
Till in its splendor the morning shall rise ;
Angels above thee their bright watches keep ;
Mamma will rock thee and sing thee to sleep ;
Lullaby, lullaby, hush thee to rest,
Tenderly guarded and fondly caressed ;
Child of affection so hallowed and deep,
Mamma will rock thee and sing thee to sleep.

LUCY'S AND EMMA'S CONQUEST.

LUCY and Emma, two bright little girls,
With brown, glossy ringlets and teeth white as
pearls,

Stood watching a butterfly busy at play
Among the sweet clover that grew in their way,
Along a green meadow that led to their home,
And where, after school, 'twas their custom to
roam.

The school was just out, and the teacher had said
To Lucy and Emma, a hand on each head,
"My children, your parents to-night you must tell
How happy I am you are learning so well;
And if you continue I am sure you will be
A credit to them and an honor to me."

"We thank you," said Lucy, "both Emma and I;
We hope to be teachers like you by and by;
But, sir, you'll not think we are going to tease
If we ask you to write in a note, if you please,
What you told us just now about being so good;
'Twould look better written; don't you think it
would?"

Besides, 'twould be something our parents could
keep,

And read it together when we were asleep."

"I'll write it with pleasure," the teacher replied,
"I am glad my remark did not waken your pride;
And now, in a word, this advice I will give,
Remember it, children, as long as you live,

E'en though you come down to life's short winter
days,—

Do right for the sake of the right, not for praise."

The note was concluded, directed, and sealed ;

A sweet satisfaction their faces revealed,

Not lost on the teacher, who inwardly prayed

That these dear little lambs in the fold might be
stayed

Where the eyes of the Shepherd a watch ever
keep,

The Shepherd who laid down his life for the
sheep.

And now to the meadow these bright little girls
Went dancing, and skipping, and shaking their
curls,

And thinking of all their dear parents would say,
Till they came to the butterfly busy at play.

"O Lucy," cried Emma, "did ever you see
Such beautiful wings? Won't you catch him for
me?"

"O, no," answered Lucy; "the poor, helpless
thing

Would die in your hand if you crippled his wing;
Why, not for the world would I catch him for you;
Let's watch him a moment and see what he'll do."

Will Blair and Frank Ellis, two boys from the
school,

Who boasted so oft that they ne'er kept a rule,

Sprang over the fence, and, on mischief intent,
Toward Lucy and Emma their footsteps they
bent.

Their coming was seen, but the girls never
stirred,

Though they knew very well all they said had
been heard.

"So, so, we have found you," cried Will with a
sneer ;

"What's this you are guarding so carefully here ?
Frank, lend me your kerchief ; but stay, never
mind,

An easier way to entrap him I'll find."

"Please, Willie," said Lucy, her mild, pleading
eyes

As soft in their light as the blue ether skies,

"Please, Willie, don't harm that poor innocent
thing,

But leave him to sport on his beautiful wing ;

For if you should hurt him how cruel 'twould be,

And how you would pain sister Emma and me ;

She is talking to Frank ; there's a blush on his
cheek ;

And there's good in your heart ; let me just hear
you speak,

And say you will never be naughty again,

But always obey our kind teacher, and then

How happy you'll make us ; come, Will, won't
you try ?"

The boy hung his head, but he could not reply ;

He was conquered, subdued, and resolved from
that day

To lead a new life and to find the good way ;
While Frank, whom the kindness of Emma had
won,

Was equally sorry for what he had done,
And promised henceforth to be honest and true,
And love in his heart everyone that he knew.

The butterfly left, for his mission was o'er ;
They searched through the clover, but saw him
no more ;

The girls hastened home to their parents, and then
Their note was read over and over again ;
The teacher dropped in while they sat at their
tea ;

By parents and children right welcome was he ;
He sat down among them, delighted to share
The real enjoyment that greeted him there.

It happened, years after, when Willie and Frank,
Whose names were enrolled in the school's high-
est rank,

Had finished their studies, and then settled down
Among the most worthy young men of the town—
It happened, we say, that two bright, merry girls
With brown, glossy ringlets, and teeth white as
pearls,

Our Lucy and Emma, were chosen their wives,
To cherish and love for the rest of their lives.

[Written in answer to the question, Do you love children?]

DO YOU LOVE CHILDREN?

LOVE the children? What a question!

Cold indeed the heart must be
That can turn without emotion
From their laughter gushing free;
Yes, with all my heart I love them;
Bless the children, every one!
I can be a child among them,
And enjoy their freaks and fun.

Quick, impulsive, and confiding,
Innocent without disguise,
Faces all aglow with pleasure,
Mischievous dancing in their eyes—
In my garden of affection
They will share the greenest spot;
And I say without compunction,
Woe to those who love them not!

They are buds of hope and promise,
Blessed by Him whose name is Love;
Lent us here to train and nourish
For a better life above;
Tender plants by angels guarded,
Clinging vines the children are;
Jewels in our hearts to glisten,
Precious treasures, O how fair!

Parents, on your own example
That your children daily see,
On your patient, careful training,
Rests their future destiny ;
Though responsible for service,
God will surely bring you through ;
Go to Him for strength and guidance ;
He is wiser far than you.

Are your children sometimes wayward ?
Teachers, are your scholars wild ?
Do not blame them, but remember
Each of you was once a child ;
Learn to govern with discretion,
Govern with a loving hand ;
Ne'er correct them in your anger,
Learn with mildness to command.

Do not crush their tender feelings ;
Win their confidence, their trust ;
Treat them kindly, and be always
Merciful as well as just ;
Pastors, don't forget the children ;
They are looking up to you ;
By a word of admonition,
There is much that you can do.

O how many are neglected !
And your sympathy they claim ;
Wretchedness their sole companion,
Home to them is but a name ;

Seek them out, and, when you find them,
Show their feet the narrow way ;
Feed their souls and clothe their bodies ;
All you give the Lord will pay.

Love the children ? I can never,
Never pass them in the street
But my every pulse awaking
Thrills with love to all I meet ;
I have heard the children singing
When my heart was lone and sad ;
I have heard them in the distance,
And their music made me glad.

But their voices cheer and charm me
In the Sabbath homes they love ;
And I think they will be sweetest
In the saintly choirs above.

TWILIGHT.

O TWILIGHT ! ever welcome hour,
That by a strange, mysterious power
Brings back the past, and bids me feel
Its happy sunshine o'er me steal,
Till all the buds and blossoms fair
That memory's garland used to bear
Are fresh and blooming as they seemed
When first my heart of friendship dreamed.

O twilight ! let me dream once more,
Dream all my early pleasures o'er,

And give me, just a little while,
The earnest clasp, the heart-warm smile,
Of those whose dust I hallow yet,
Of those too sacred to forget.

CONFIDENCE.

THE trust another hath reposed in thee
Is sacred as thy life, whate'er it be ;
And in the promise which thy lips have given,
If thou shalt fail, thou wilt be judged of Heaven.
Betray it not, nor to thy interest use
What thou hast heard, nor confidence abuse ;
However trivial, by a look or tone
Betray it not ; 'twas for thine ear alone ;
Forget or hide it in thy inmost heart ;
Do anything but act the cruel part
To wrong thy friend, who, seeking thy relief,
Has come, and in the bitterness of grief
Would pillow on thy breast an aching brow,
And whisper all, yea, e'en the broken vow
Of recreant love, young hope forever crushed,
Its lamp gone out, its tender music hushed.
What ! canst thou listen and a traitor be,
Revealing what hath been revealed to thee
In strictest faith ? Then thou art not sincere,
And all to trust and counsel thee should fear.
It was a secret in a cloister told,
And should be guarded like a purse of gold,

Not thine, but in thy keeping, and no right
Hast thou to ope or bring it to the light,
Nor take one coin, though hundreds thou shouldst
gain ;

As thou receivest it let it still remain.
So guard thy trust, and in thy heart's deep cell,
Untold, unheard, let every secret dwell.
There be the urn where others' tears may fall,
And love keep faithful vigil o'er them all,
And thou shalt live a comfort in thy day,
And scatter flowers o'er many a thorny way.

A SONG.

O COME, if thou art true to me,
If yet thou lov'st me well,
And meet me at our trysting place
Within the mossy dell ;
Yes, meet me as when first we met
Beneath a summer sky,
Long, long before our lips had learned
That cruel word, good-bye.

There's not a rose on yonder bush,
Nor flower we used to twine ;
The birds have left that rural spot ;
Perhaps the fault is mine ;
I know my looks were cold and stern,
A frown was on my brow ;

But I regret that fatal hour ;
Wilt thou forgive me now ?

O come, and let us plight once more
The faith of other years,
And bathe each link of sacred love
In sweet repentant tears ;
Yet not one shadow would I cast
Around thy peerless name ;
Mine, mine the wrong ; I'll bear it all,
And I deserve the blame.

SEEKING FOR VIOLETS.

ROAMING all day in the meadow so green,
Seeking for violets, art thou, my queen ?
Where have you hid them ? Down deep in your
heart ?

Why are you blushing ? And why do you start ?
Seeking for violets ? When do they grow ?
Think you to find them in summer ? No, no ;
Not such a thought ever entered your head,
Nor is there a truth in a word you have said.

Seeking for violets ? happy excuse
Thus to avoid me ; and yet, 'tis no use ;
Cupid, I fancy, has lent to these hours
Something more pleasant than searching for
flowers ;

What is that something, you shy little fay?
Naught in your looks will the secret betray;
Ah, but you wish me, and that I can trace
Plainly enough in each line of your face,
Out on the ocean, or some other place.

Merry your laugh as a clear ringing bell;
Laugh with the lightest; 'tis all very well;
Only be candid, for I should regret
If I should find you a heartless coquet;
Is there another more favored than I?
One who is dearer? Then why not reply?
If your affections have wandered away,
Not for the world would I ask you to stay.

No, it were better to part with you here
Seeking for violets all the long year;
Better to bless you, and leave you alone
Seeking for violets withered and strown;
What do you ask as you whisper my name?
Will I forgive and receive you again?
Love you as fondly and true as of yore?
Yes, and more fondly than ever before.

If in the future you promise to be
Loving and constant and faithful to me,
Then I will bury this scene with the past;
Over its memory a veil will I cast.
Seeking for violets?—daisies, I mean;
Here are the fairest that ever were seen;

Take the sweet nosegay ; 'twas gathered for you ;
Come, I will show you the spot where they grew,
Down where I met you one morn in the lane ;
Say, were you seeking for violets then ?

TO BESSIE.

WHAT disturbed thee, pretty one,
Woke thee e'er thy dream was done ?
Did some quick and sudden start
Rouse the pulses of thy heart ?
Hush thee, darling, sleep once more,
Dream the happy vision o'er ;
Dream as only dreams can be
In thy guileless infancy.

There are lakes that murmur low
' Neath the calm cerulean skies,
Where the sweetest lilies grow,
Where their beauty never dies ;
Odors from their leaves so fair
Come across the jasper sea ;
Balm and music fill the air,
Felt and heard alone by thee.

Angel forms, to whom 'tis given
To behold our Father's face,
And perform his will in heaven,
Round thy cradle have their place ;

'Tis their pinions fan thy brow ;
Hush thee, darling, slumber now ;
Sleep as only sleep can be
In thy guileless infancy.

Thou art smiling, pretty one ;
Ah, 'tis well ; thy dream is done ;
Did thy spirit leave its home
For a little while to roam
Where the chime of Eden's bells
On the breeze forever swells ?
Did'st thou catch some thrilling air
From the children singing there ?

Thou art smiling, pretty one ;
Yes, thy halcyon dream is done ;
Other thoughts thy mind employ,
Other scenes of mirth and joy
Call thee now from sleep away ;
Just begun thy life's young day ;
Bright as days can only be
In thy guileless infancy.

Darling Bessie, He whose eye
Numbers all the stars on high,
Counts the waves upon the sea,
Watcheth o'er and loveth thee
And amid this world of ours
Thou wilt gather buds and flowers,
Sweet as flowers can only be
In thy guileless infancy.

When from childhood thou art grown,
When thine artless years have flown,
May the prayer once learned by thee
Kneeling at a mother's knee,
And the words thy father said
When he laid thy infant head
On his breast with fondest love,
Lead thy soul to things above.



RELIGIOUS POEMS.

TRIAL OF THE FAITH OF ABRAHAM.

'Twas past the hour for sacrifice ; and now
The aged patriarch, leaning on his staff,
Stood in the doorway of his tent, and watched
The gayly painted clouds which here and there
Were floating in the quiet evening sky,
In strange fantastic forms, till, brushed away
By the light breath of the cool zephyr's wing,
They melted into air, and left the moon
Sole monarch of a train of radiant stars,
The bright attendants of her mighty reign.
And forth in brilliant majesty she came,
Touched with her silvery wand the tiny flowers,
And bade them fold their leaves, and lay their
heads
Upon the bosom of their mother earth.

His boy came bounding quickly to his side,
Like a young fawn, and caught his father's hand,
And drew him down, and kissed his furrowed
cheek—

His boy, his darling, shall we say his pride,
Of whom the King of all the world had said
In him and in his seed, in after years,

Shall all the nations of the earth be blessed.
And as the old man held him to his heart,
And looked into the depth of his dark eyes,
That seemed so like his mother's in her youth,
His thoughts went backward to the long ago,
When, in his native country far away,
He wooed the maiden who became his wife.
And Sarah loved him yet ; the lapse of years
Had strengthened and renewed her early vows.
They err who tell us love is all a dream,
And warn the young to fly its dangerous power ;
'Tis not a dream ; but, constant, true, sublime,
Where once its germ is planted in the soul,
'Twill, like the evergreen, bloom on and on ;
For love is born of heaven, and cannot die.

“ Isaac, my son,” the doting father said,
“ Long since thy mother to her couch hath gone,
And thou, methinks, hast quite o'erstepped thy
bounds.

Not thine the fault, but mine ; and now, good
night.”

How beautiful he was ! how graceful he
In every movement as he tripped away !
His merry laugh rang out so cheerily,
The birds awoke and started from their nests
As if they feared a rival in their song.
Still Abraham mused on the ways of God ;
He could not solve, nor was it his to know,
Almighty wisdom, but to trust and live,

As he had done, by faith and not by sight.
The Lord had promised that from him should
spring

A mighty nation, numerous as the stars,
And numberless as sands upon the shore,
And that the goodly land in which he dwelt
They should possess ; the promise he believed
Implicitly ; he knew 'twould come to pass,
For unto him the word of God was law.

And now he slept ; and in a vision came
A voice that called him. " Abraham," it said,
" Take now thine only son whom thou dost love,
The idol of thy heart, and offer him
As a burnt offering in Moriah's land,
Upon a mountain I will tell thee of."
Did love rebel ? Did faith refuse to yield
In this sore trial, most severe of all,
Obedience to its author and its God ?
Did Abraham question His supreme command,
Who has the right to govern as He will ?

Morn oped her golden eye, tinged with her blush
The eastern hills, and sent her dewy smile
O'er groves of cedar, and the lovely vales
Bathed in her light and sang aloud for joy.
The patriarch rose ; a secret on his mind,
Which e'en to Sarah he might not betray ;
He had received a message from the Lord,
And he must go ; he dared not tell her more ;

Then with the lad, and with his two young men
As their attendants, Abraham left his home.
For two long days they journeyed, and the third
He lifted up his eyes and saw the place ;
Bade his young men abide and wait him there ;
He and the lad would yonder go, he said,
And worship, and return to them again.
Silent their walk, till Isaac wondering cried,
“ Behold the wood and fire, but where the
lamb ? ”

To whom the father answered, “ All is well,
My son ; God will provide Himself a lamb.”
And so together to the mount they came ;
And Abraham built an altar to the Lord.
And when the boy looked on with sudden fear,
And turned those mournful, pleading eyes to his,
He waited but to clasp him to his breast ;
Then firmly bound with cords those tender limbs,
And on the altar laid the sacrifice.
O what a moment ! Will he stand the test ?
Behold the knife ; its edge is keen and sure ;
See how it glitters as the sunlight falls ;
His arm is raised ; but, ere the blade descends,
His hand is stayed ; God calls him out of heaven :
“ Touch not the lad ; forbear to do him harm ;
For now indeed I know thou lovest me,
Since thou hast not withheld thine only son,
But wouldst have offered him at my command.”

THE MEETING OF JACOB AND JOSEPH.

ALL Egypt's land was parched, the scorching
beams

Fell with relentless heat upon the soil,
And every herb was withered, and the leaves
Dropped from the boughs that could no longer hold
Their blighted forms, and sighing, let them go ;
The breeze that from the waters of the Nile
Played with the reeds that grew along its banks
Was listless now, and nature groaning saw
On every plant and every blade of grass
Dearth written, for the famine yet was sore.
What stirred the heart of Egypt's governor ?
Had that illumination of the soul,
That gift of faith, which God alone transmits,
Confirmed the startling truth so oft revealed,
That he who most a doting father loved,
And whom his envious brethren hated most,
He whom they sold and dipped his coat in blood,
And scrupled not to wring their parent's heart
With the dark falsehood of his Joseph's death,
That he, the victim of malicious wrong,
The injured tenant of a prison cell,
Wasting his years in solitude and grief,
Then from a dungeon brought, and clothed in
power
Till next to Egypt's potentate he stood,
Was working out the grand design of Heaven—
Was thither sent by agency divine

To guard a mighty nation's destiny ?
All this and more had moved him ; he had seen
His brethren ; they had come to purchase food ;
For Juda's fields were wasted by the scourge
Of that dread famine, and her fruitless vales
No more were lovely ; all her groves of palm
Bent their proud heads if haply they might catch
One cooling drop from the capricious clouds
That mocked their thirst and vanished like the dew.
And Jacob's sons arose ; for he had said,
“ Why look ye on each other ? I have heard
That there is corn in Egypt ; get ye down,
And buy for us, our wives and little ones,
That thus we may survive and perish not ;
Go, all of you but one ; him I retain,
The youngest born, left motherless at birth ;
My fair-haired Benjamin shall not go forth,
Lest, like his brother, he return no more,
And ye who robbed me of the son I loved
Again bereave me, and your second wound
Bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.”

Before the imperious ruler, proudly stern,
Whose quick perception noted every face,
They stood appalled, and bowed them to the earth ;
Yea, bowed themselves as in his boyhood dreams
He saw their sheaves obeisance make to his.
Rude were his words, denouncing them as spies ;
And then, in softer tone and milder mood,
He questioned of their parentage and home ;

They knew him not, nor guessed by whose command

Their sacks were laden and their gold replaced.
Twice had they come ; but now his eyes beheld
His brother Benjamin, his mother's son,
The child he once had dandled on his knee,
And every sleeping passion of his soul
Roused in a moment, and his every nerve,
Strained to its utmost tension, would have burst
But for the tears that he made haste to shed.
O Time, whose finger doth erase the bloom
From beauty's cheek, and with thy winter frost
Sprinkle the locks of manhood till their hue
Is changed to whiteness, and the eye grows dim,
And the sweet sounds of merriment and joy
Are heard but as the echoes of the past—
Thank God ! there yet is left untouched by thee
One little spot, one shrine where feeling dwells,
Immortal feeling, whose Promethean spark
An infant's breath might kindle to a flame.

But see ! at Jacob's tent the panting steeds
That bring his sons, returned, and with good news ;
Who shall be first to break it ? can their sire
Bear the recital ? Judah, go thou first ;
Thy plea, so masterly, hath done it all ;
Take Benjamin, to whom no harm has come,
And tell thy father Joseph is alive ;
Tell him—but stay, be guarded of thy speech,
Lest, if the heart too suddenly be filled

With unexpected joy, its cords may break.
The old man heard as if believing not,
Till One who stood upon the topmost round
Of that great ladder reaching up to heaven,
That he beheld at Bethel while he slept,
Breathed on his soul, and all its strength revived,
And in the fullness of his heart he cried,
“ Joseph, my son Joseph, is yet alive ;
I will go down and see him ere I die.”

The Nile flowed sluggishly, not as of yore
When the glad waves caught the delicious breath
Of fragrant winds that floated o'er the tide,
And busy laborers reaped their harvest grain ;
All wore the gloom of desolation now,
And five long years of famine yet remained.
The day was sultry with its first gray dawn ;
Israel awoke, for they had stopped at night,
And laid them down to rest upon the plains.
And now once more the caravan moved on ;
And as the shadow of the sun at noon
Fell on the dial, they neared the journey's end.
Who in his chariot doth so swiftly ride ?
And now he reins his coursers, now alights,
Looks round him with a fond, expectant gaze,
And steps aside for one short interval
To calm his thoughts and still his heart's wild throb ;
Yonder his father comes ; O Heaven ! 'tis he !
That waving beard white as the driven snow,
Unshorn as when with soft, caressing hand

He stroked it, and went forth, nor came again
To hear the tidings he was sent to glean—
Let the famed artist on his canvas draw
That matchless scene and paint it to the world ;
And thou, O bard, if words thou canst command,
Speak with impassioned eloquence, and tell
The hope, the joy, the ecstasy, that crowned
A meeting which no parallel can trace,
A meeting that dispelled a cloud of years,
And for a single moment lent to both
A vision of the heavenly Paradise.
See how he weeps upon his father's neck,
And how that father clasps him to his heart
As if he feared that he again might lose
The treasure he believed the grave had won ;
O that was pathos ; that undying love
Who can recall, or from the inspired page,
God's sacred word, can read that brief account,
So touching and so sweetly beautiful,
Nor feel one tender yearning of the soul
To reach for something purer than is found
Among the gewgaws of a flattering world ?

Before the king was Joseph's father brought,
King Pharaoh, who rejoiced and gave him cheer,
And, sitting down beside him, many things
Did he relate of Joseph's bright career,
And how the land of Egypt he had saved
By wisdom not his own but of the Lord ;
And then of Jacob asked, " How old art thou ? "

To whom the noble patriarch replied,
"The days that mark my life of pilgrimage,
Evil and few as they indeed have been,
Nor have they to my fathers yet attained,
A hundred years and thirty number now ;"
And Pharaoh blessed him, and a promise gave
Of an inheritance, a goodly place
That he and his might ever call their own,
To dwell therein, and rear their flocks and herds.
And Joseph bade his brethren be content,
For all was past, and all had been forgiven ;
And so he dwelt with them for many years,
Nourished his father till his latest hour,
And saw him laid within Machpelah's tomb.

SAMSON WITH THE PHILISTINES.

"Down with the Hebrew !" From the infuriate
crowds

That like a whirlwind madly urged their way
Through Gaza's streets, a deafening shout arose ;
"Down with the Hebrew, Samson ! he is cursed ;
Dagon, our God, hath cursed him and his race."
"Hold !" cried a voice in loud, imperious tones,
"Hold ! I command you let this tumult cease
Till I, your chief, Altharius, bid you speak ;
Then glut your vengeance to your heart's content ;

Revile, insult, mock your defenseless foe,
Till he shall learn how sweet it is to feel

The poisoned arrow of remorseless hate.
Behold the lion tamed and like a lamb ;
No need of bonds but to prevent all harm
Against himself ; I have secured him thus,
For from their sockets must his eyes be torn,
Lest peradventure other foxes come
With brands of fire and burn our harvest fields.
He like a pestilence hath scourged our land,
Laid waste our cities, robbed us of our homes,
And slain his thousands in a single day ;
But where his prowess now ? Where did it lie ?
Fool to unlock a secret he had kept
Through all his life, and might have kept it still !
Fool to confide in her who, false as fair,
Sought only to betray his trust for gold !
But she had served our purpose, and 'tis well ;
She was the fowler ; we the prey have won,
Not, like the hungry vulture, to devour,
But save alive ; death were a boon too great
For him to ask at a Philistine's hand ;
But let him, like the eagle from the sun
Hurled by a shaft that wounds no vital part,
Beat his proud wings against his prison bars,
Till hope's last beam expires and all is dark.
Now to my task ; such mercy will I show
As hath been shown by him to me and mine.
Ah, how he struggles ! but he must not faint ;
Quick ! bathe his temples, bring him goodly wine,
Choice wine from Kisma, cooled in Caspian snow ;
He shall not faint ; far greater our revenge

To see him tortured to his utmost power,
Yet, nerved by stimulants and conscious still,
To see him writhe, half frantic with his pain,
Then laugh his misery to bitter scorn.
O say, what is it that doth o'er me creep,
So like a venom coiling in my veins?
Have I not from my boyhood looked on blood?
Was I not cradled in the arms of war?
But this—ah me! not that I pity him,
But 'tis a deed at which my soul revolts;
Would it were past; but half is yet to do;
Would it were past; but shall I falter? No;
I'll finish, though my hands were paralyzed.
There, I have done; and shall I more inflict?
For I am sated, sickened, horrified
With this dread scene. Stand back and let me
 forth;
Nay, touch him not; are ye men or fiends?
Guards, bear him hence; and if perchance there
 come
A pitying friend, or one of nearer kin,
Ye shall not hinder such, but let them pass
And, as they will, relieve and succor him."

The crowd had gone; their hateful, mocking
 sounds
Of rude and impious mirth were heard no more,
And, save the measured tramp along the court
Of sentinels whose dull monotony
Broke ever and anon upon the ear,

'Twas still. O what a boon from Israel's God,
E'en this to that poor, lonely, suffering one,
Who, faint, exhausted by the sudden shock
Of twofold anguish, prayed that death might
come,

Kind, gentle death, and let his spirit forth
Into the region of the vast unknown !
Tossing he lay ; none came to slake his thirst ;
His quivering eyelids burned and throbbed with
pain

Till reason sometimes trembled on its throne ;
And she whose hand had shorn his wavy locks,
And wove the network of deceit and guile
In whose dark meshes he was caught at last—
Where was she then ? O when with victory
crowned

He sought his home, rich with the spoils of war,
Or in the twilight's gloaming thither came,
How was he wont with lighter step to move,
And heart more buoyant, while her siren voice
Poured out its music, and his soul drank in
Its every tone as some delicious draught
Too pure for earth and only made for heaven !
Where was she then, whose lightest touch could
soothe

His restless moanings, and whose softest word
Could lull him to a sweet forgetfulness ?

Delilah, false Delilah, what ! asleep ?
Beneath the silken folds of thine own couch

Canst thou repose ? dost think the dove would rest
If aught of danger brooded o'er her mate ?
Or, robbed of him, would she not pine and die ?
She hath what thou hast not—a changeless love ;
Thou didst not love, else thou hadst loyal been ;
Was not thy husband's fate in thine own hands ?
Not his, but thine, the falsehood that must be
A skeleton through all thy after years.
Thou didst not love, else thou hadst never played
The craven part and bartered love for gold ;
Love hides its secret with a miser's care ;
It wounds to heal, but never to betray.

And now awoke the morn ; the playful winds
Were toying with the leaves and jessamine stems,
Curling the wavelets on the limpid streams,
Or stealing nectar from the dewy cups
Of the young virgin lilies as they passed.
Time, and the hand that lifteth from the ground
The trembling sparrow fallen from its bough,
The balm of health to Samson had restored ;
Long days had intervened, and weary nights,
Not lonely like the first, for friends were there ;
And tottering age, that nursed him when a babe,
Its tender, sympathizing tears had shed
So lovingly upon his wasted cheek,
That half his burden seemed already gone ;
And waking from his sleep on that sweet morn,
He rose, and leaning on a soldier's arm,
Stood in the outer court where he was led.

His hair had grown ; he knew it ; but, his eyes—
Would they return ? would he again behold
Or sun or moon or stars or human face ?
O Heaven ! in all our catalogue of woes
Can there be one that so afflicts the mind
And rends the very fibers of the heart,
Like that which comes when in our riper years
We lose, and by a single stroke of Thine,
That sense which of all others most we prize,
That glorious avenue through which we range
The fields of science, poesy, and art,
And trace Thee in Thy excellence divine
Where Thou hast left Thy name in living light
On truth's immortal page, Thy Holy Book ?
O to be left at midday in the dark !
To wander on and on in moonless night !
To know the windows of the soul are closed,
And closed till opened in eternity !
They who have felt can tell how deep the gloom ;
And only they who in their souls have learned
To walk by faith, and lean on God for help,
To such a lot can e'er be reconciled.

The chief, Altharius, had a feast proclaimed,
A royal feast to Dagon on that day,
In honor of his signal victory
In Samson's capture. Gaza's streets again
Were vocal with the shouts of revelry ;
Upon the housetop where the feast was held,
Philistia's sons were gathered ; young and old,

In motley groups, were walking to and fro,
Whiling the hours in thoughtless merriment.
Loud peals of laughter rose, and then a call
That Samson should be brought to make them
sport ;

The message came, he heard, and bowed his head,
Then, with a look of triumph in his face,
Was borne to where that reckless multitude
Deemed his affliction but an idle jest ;
Scoffed at, he came, and then, with cruel taunt,
Mocking, they bade him lead them in the dance.
So passed the time; but Samson's hour drew near;
He leaned against the pillars ; all his hopes
Were clustering around a single thought ;
To one he said, " Put thou my hand on these,
For I would know their size ; and tell thou me,
Are these the pillars where the building rests ? "
They left him to himself ; he stood alone,
And, lifting up his sightless orbs, he said,
" O Thou who didst behold me at my birth,
God of my fathers, hear my prayer this once ;
Lo, I am stricken down, helpless and blind ;
Thy mighty works are hidden from me now ;
The smiling meadow and the vineclad hill
And spicy grove are now as things that were ;
I joy no more in that which charmed me once ;
Yet I have tried to serve Thee all my life ;
And now, O Lord, I pray Thee let my strength
Tenfold return, that, in this last, last hour,
I of mine enemies may be avenged

For this great wrong which they to me have
done ;
And let these heathen, who believe Thee not,
Know for themselves this day that Thou art
God."

He paused, his chest expanded, and again
Firmly he held with superhuman power
Those massive pillars in his giant grasp ;
A shout—the building to its center shook,
And, in a moment, that vast multitude
Mangled and crushed beneath its ruins lay,
And he among them ; thus was he avenged ;
For they, 'tis said, who perished at his death
Were more than all that in his life he slew.

PRAYER.

GOD heareth prayer,—whether in secret place,
Or in His sacred courts, it matters not ;
Where two or three are gathered in His Name,
There will He deign to meet them and to bless.
God heareth prayer,—O thou desponding one,
When dark temptation's cloud o'erspreads thy
soul,
Turn from the busy and the giddy throng,
Haste thou to nature's solitude, commune
With thy own heart, and humbly bend thy knee,
For in that hour thy God will hear thy prayer.

IMMORTAL LOVE.

IMMORTAL love ! O theme of heavenly birth !
How shall I dare to speak thy matchless worth ?
Source of unending life, celestial dove,
Fountain of wisdom who thyself art love,
Thee I invoke, who only canst inspire
My languid soul, and tune my trembling lyre.
Immortal love, who shall thy depths explore,
Vast as eternity's unbounded shore ?
Thou art the spark that lights th' eternal flame
On heaven's high altars ; thou the sacred name
That fills those realms no mortal e'er has trod ;
Thou the pulsation of the heart of God,
Which, to the Church, His body here below,
Doth now, through Christ our great Redeemer, flow.
Immortal love, how gentle and how mild
Appear thy workings in a lisping child !
Confiding, trusting, innocent, and kind,
Thou art the first pure impulse of its mind ;
Thou art a breath from that untainted clime
Where heavenly choirs their ceaseless anthems
 chime ;
God's law to man in thee we comprehend,
Thou its beginning art, and thou its end.
The noblest of the Christian virtues thou,
The crown of grace that decks the Christian's
 brow,—
Jehovah's mighty arm that doth enfold
A universe with tenderness untold.

Immortal love, O theme of heavenly birth,
No mortal tongue can speak thy matchless
worth ;
To ransomed ones such lofty strains belong ;
They, only they, can swell th' enraptured song

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

HOPE on, hope ever. Earth is not so drear,
Nor life a comfortless and empty dream ;
The darkest clouds that gather o'er us here
Are not the harbingers we sometimes deem ;
For lo ! how brilliant the returning ray,
As one by one their shadows pass away !

Hope on, hope ever. Is thy heart bereft
Of all that rendered life once dear to thee ?
Amid the wreck the quenchless spark is left,
Whose light, though feeble, shall thy beacon be ;
Though death's cold hand some kindred tie may
sever,
Still let thy motto be, Hope on, hope ever.

Hope on, hope ever. Weary and oppressed,
Care's pallid seal stamped on thy sunken cheek,
There is a haven of eternal rest
Whose sacred joy no mortal tongue can speak ;
Look upward in thine hour of dark despair—
Hope points to heaven, and drops her anchor
there.

REST.

COME, heavy laden one,
Where'er thou art,
Lay at the Master's feet
Thy broken heart ;
Cast thou on Him thy care ;
Though hard thy cross to bear,
Jesus, who answers prayer,
Sweet rest will give.

Think of His tender love,
Boundless and free ;
Think of His precious words
Spoken to thee ;
What though thy faith be small ?
What though thy tears may fall ?
Jesus, who knows them all,
Sweet rest will give.

Long though the weary night,
Joy will be thine ;
See through the rifting clouds
Hope brightly shine ;
Rest from the tide of woes,
Rest and a calm repose,
Rest that shall never close,
Jesus will give.

NO TEARS IN HEAVEN.

WITH careworn heart and throbbing brow
I watched the orb of day,
That set in tears behind the clouds
That veiled its golden ray ;
And bending o'er the sacred page
Of truth divinely given,
I heard a loving voice that said,
There'll be no tears in Heaven.

My thoughts grew calm, and, in a dream,
Bright angels sang to me
A choral song of Eden land
Beyond the jasper sea ;
And though too soon its chords were lost,
Its tones afar were driven ;
One hallowed strain I yet recall :
There'll be no tears in Heaven.

No tears, no pain, no dreary night
With starless gloom o'ercast,
The joy our blessed Saviour gives
Will there forever last ;
O eyes that weep, O hearts that mourn,
By storm and tempest driven,
Look up, look up ; 'twill soon be o'er ;
There'll be no tears in Heaven.

RETROSPECT.

ONLY a thought concealed
In the leaves of a withered flower,
That came in its bloom from the giver's hand,
And drooped in a single hour!
Only a whispered word,
In the ear of a trusting heart!
But its memory clung to the trembling strings,
And it broke them all apart.

Only a fleeting dream!
'Twas bright, but it came no more;
Only a sigh, and a sob of pain,
A parting—and all was o'er!
Only a storm-tossed barque,
Alone on the restless deep!
Only the path of a dreary night,
And a tireless watch to keep!

O thought, O word, O dream,
Sad tales of the past ye tell;
Your lesson of life, it was hard to learn,
But O it has served me well;
What matter if still my barque
On a restless sea be driven?
Its anchor is firm, and I know ere long
'Twill rest in the port of Heaven.

UNSEEN.

THOU great Supreme, whom angel choirs adore,
High over all exalted evermore,
No mortal eye hath seen at any time
The matchless glory of Thy throne sublime ;
Yet unto us Thou dost Thyself reveal ;
Within our souls Thy presence, Lord, we feel,
And know that we from death to life have passed,
That with Thy chosen ones our lot is cast.

Unseen, yet when in prayer we breathe Thy name,
Our love inspired is kindled to a flame ;
Till, upward borne on eagle wings, we soar
Beyond the clouds that veil the eternal shore,
And view by faith Thy regal diadem,
And in a vision touch Thy garment's hem.

Unseen, Thou lead'st us by Thine own right hand ;
Thus saith Thy word, upon whose truth we stand ;
And still again we hear in tones divine,
“ Fear not ; I have redeemed you ; ye are mine.’

Unseen, but O how precious, Lord, Thou art !
How sweet Thy voice to every trusting heart !
We praise and bless Thee for the promise given
Of endless joy and perfect rest in Heaven,
Where, Thou hast said, through Thy abundant
 grace,
We shall in righteousness behold Thy face.

OCEAN GROVE.

WE stepped upon the crowded car
That rapidly began to move,
And ere we thought two hours had passed,
We found ourselves at Ocean Grove;
And there we parted, said Good-bye,
My new-made friend his home to seek,
And I their honored guest to be
Whose kindness words can never speak.

The camp ground, thronged with pious souls,
Was from their home not far away,
Divided by a fairy lake—
So mirrorlike and still it lay
That, as we rowed, and softly came
In measured tones the dipping oar,
We heard the rustling of the leaves
Among the pines along the shore.

O who could breathe the fragrant air
Of that cool lake, or lightly rove
Among the avenues and shades
And winding paths of Ocean Grove,
Without a realistic sense
Of holy blessedness that flows
When over nature and its works
Religion's power an influence throws?

That night—the morrow—O what joy!
The very hills with gladness rang;
We felt that we had almost reached
The "Beulah Land" of which we sang.

To see those cottages and tents,
Where praise ascended to the sky,
Was bliss ; ah, more ; 'twas heaven below ;
In such a scene how sweet to die !
We heard the Word of Life proclaimed,
We heard the deep and fervent prayer,
We heard with hearts so filled with love
They scarce another drop could bear.
God bless the Church that keeps alive,
From year to year, that custom old
Of tenting in some rural wood,
And gathering wanderers to the fold.

We stood at eve on ocean's beach,
And heard the waves like thunder roll ;
And as we knelt upon the sand,
God came and spoke to every soul ;
The sky was radiant ; varied tints
Of crimson, gold, and blue it wore ;
O never seemed the glowing West
More bright and beautiful before.
And should we never meet again
As then we met at sunset hour,
We'll talk it over by and by
In some delightful shady bower
Of Eden's land ; ah, yes ; and there,
While rapture tunes our souls to love,
We'll praise the Lord in higher strains
For those bright days at Ocean Grove.

GRANDPA'S BLESSING.

WE were sitting after supper,
On a cold and frosty night,
In our cozy little parlor,
O so cheerful, warm, and bright !
And our grandpa said, " My children,
Have you all been good to-day ? "
Then each little voice grew silent
As we knelt with him to pray.
I shall ne'er forget the burden
Of that simple, fervent prayer :
" Lord, I thank thee for Thy mercy,
And Thy ever watchful care ;
I shall soon lay down my armor,
For my days are well-nigh told,
But I long to see these dear ones
Gathered safely in Thy fold ;
Keep us through the night, our Father ;
May we all in safety wake ;
Guide us to Thy heavenly mansions ;
This we ask for Jesus' sake."

Then he kissed us all so fondly,
Laid his hands on every head,
Gave us each a parting blessing
As we tripped away to bed ;
But an angel came at midnight,
And his wings were white as snow ;
Grandpa knew the voice that called him,
And his soul was glad to go ;

But he bade our mother tell us
He had only gone before,
And, if faithful, we should meet him
On the happy golden shore.

THE CHILD AND THE ANGEL.

A MOTHER sat musing at close of day
By the cradle bed where her firstborn lay ;
On the dimpled cheek of that cherub fair
Had fallen a ringlet of golden hair ;
And thither a truant sunbeam strayed,
And long with that beautiful tress it played,
Till it faded away in the crimson west,
And sank like the innocent child to rest.

Why trembled a tear in that mother's eye
As she warbled her simple lullaby,
And her soulfelt prayer on the breath of even
Went up to the throne of her God in heaven ?
Can ye fathom the ocean, dark and deep,
Where the mighty waves in their grandeur sweep ?
Or number the radiant orbs above ?
Ah, then may ye fathom a mother's love ;
That pearly tear was a gem more fair
Than the ruby bright or the diamond rare,
For it told what language could ne'er reveal,
A love which a mother alone can feel.

From the fount of life and the source of light,
From the sacred fields of Elysium bright,
Through the cloudless depths of ethereal blue,
Quickly the form of an angel flew ;
O soft was the breath of the balmy air
As it felt the touch of his pinions fair
Diffusing aromas sweet from flowers
Of amaranth cradled in Eden's bowers.

A tear was still in that mother's eye
As she warbled her simple lullaby,
For she looked on the angel form that smiled
On the cherub face of her sleeping child ;
And she heard low music of heavenly joy
Wooing the soul of her darling boy.

There were anxious thoughts in her throbbing
 breast
As his pallid lips to her own were pressed ;
A moment his eye grew strangely bright,
Then closed in a long and last good night ;
The angel of mercy, the child of love,
Together had flown to the realms above.

A RHAPSODY.

[Written while standing by a fountain in one of our city parks.]

PLAYING away, playing away,
Cooling my brow with thy silvery spray,
Beautiful fountain, pure and bright,
Throwing thy drops like jets of light,
There's a voice that comes from thy depths so clear,
A strange, wild voice that I love to hear.

Playing away, playing away,
Telling thy story by night and day,
While a rainbow hangs on thy sparkling crest,
Pointing the soul to a home of rest—
Not here, not here, but in yonder clime
That needs no dial to mark its time ;
The years are ages, and days are years ;
There is neither sorrow nor night nor tears ;
And the Fountain of Life with its crystal spray
Forever and ever is playing away.

OUR LORD AT THE GRAVE OF
LAZARUS.

“WHERE have ye laid him?” Once that God-
like voice
Rebuked the winds and bade them seek their
caves ;
Commanded, and the wild, tempestuous sea,
Whose wrathful billows lashed the vessel's side
As if to plunge her 'neath their foaming surge,

Was in a moment calm and motionless ;
The thunder heard His mandate, and was mute ;
The parting clouds let forth the prisoned light
To sparkle on the bosom of the deep.

But now that voice was tremulous and sad ;
His very soul was rent, convulsed with grief ;
His human nature felt and suffered, too,
With those who, crushed beneath affliction's rod,
Looked up to Him for hope in their despair.
He knew and loved those stricken ones, who came
In their bereavement, and were kneeling there,
And who in turn had said amid their tears,
“ Lord, if Thou hadst been here this bitter cup
Thou wouldst have stayed ; our brother had not
died ; ”

And He who spake as man could never speak,
To one of them had answered, “ Fear thou not ;
Behold, thy brother from the dead shall rise ;
I am the Resurrection and the Life ;
He that on me believeth, know thou this,
Though he were dead, yet shall he live again,
And whosoever living doth believe
And trust in me, shall never, never die.”
Then as the wound of sorrow flowed afresh
From those lone hearts, he looked around, and saw
The weeping Jews, whom sympathy had moved
To follow Mary as she quickly rose,
Believing that she sought her brother's grave.
He in the spirit groaned, and, troubled, said,
“ Where have ye laid him ? ” Sadly they replied,

“ Lord, come and see ; ” and lo, Messiah wept.
O consecrated tears ! shall one be lost ?
No ; in an urn held by a cherub hand,
An infant cherub He had blessed on earth,
Each hallowed drop preserved was borne to
 heaven,
And on the glorious battlements of light,
From whence the angel hosts our world survey,
They stood in wonder, bowed their reverent
 heads,
Hushed every harp, and silently adored
His love who thus could pity mortal woe.
Slowly He followed where the mourners led ;
And some there were who questioned, “ Could not
 He
Who oped the sightless eyes and gave them light
Have caused that e'en this man should not have
 died ? ”
Again the Saviour, groaning in Himself,
Oppressed and careworn, cometh to the grave.
No verdant mound laved with the falling spray
Of silvery fountain or transparent lake
Received the dust of the departed one,
Nor bud nor blossom marked his resting place ;
It was a cave on which a stone was laid ;
They rolled it back, and then each heart was still,
For Jesus lifted up His eyes and said,
“ Father, ” thank Thee that my prayer is heard ;
And while I know Thou alway hearest me,
Yet for their sake, the people gathered here,

I thus invoke Thee, thus Thy throne address,
That they may know that I am sent by Thee."
A moment's pause, and then He cried aloud,
"Lazarus, come forth!" and through each quiver-
ing vein
The lifeblood coursed, the warm pulse throbbed
anew,
And, starting to his feet, perfect and sound,
The dead was raised and Jesus glorified.

EVENING.

A REMINISCENCE.

Go, busy care, awhile depart ;
These moments have no place for thee ;
Go, take thy burden from my heart,
And leave this hallowed hour to me ;
The sun has gone, his farewell ray
Has kissed the rosy-tinted west ;
The swallow twittering hies away,
And gathers all her brood to rest.

Go, busy care, and let me feel
The touch of evening's grateful breeze,
And hear its whisper lightly steal
Among these long familiar trees ;
I love to sit beneath their shade
That overlook yon ruined dome,
And count the years when first I played
Beside its porch and called it home.

I had no care, no sorrow, then ;
My life was like a summer day,
My world this lovely sylvan glen,
Nor had I thought or wish to stray,
But tarry with its birds and flowers,
Its autumn leaves and winter snow ;
They brought their merry, laughing hours,
And bade my heart with pleasure glow.

And then, that lake whose glossy wave
So like a burnished mirror seems,
Where swans their graceful beauty lave—
And, in my happy childhood dreams,
How oft I've rowed my tiny boat
Along its bosom calm and still,
And caroled to the silver note
Of echo from the distant hill.

Sweet native wild, to me so dear,
How changed, how sadly changed, thou art !
But love hath still its altar here,
And thou art sacred to my heart ;
Yes, sacred ; for alone I weep
O'er broken ties and moss-grown graves,
Where daisies come their watch to keep,
And memory's drooping cypress waves.

One mound is left ; I mind it well ;
And oft the sod my feet have pressed,
Where, by and by, the old church bell
Will toll me softly to my rest ;

And when I close these weary eyes,
May He, who knows my every care,
From His great temple in the skies
Stoop down and take my spirit there —

Where purer joys than ever thrilled
My bosom here shall come to me,
And every throbbing pulse be stilled
In that sweet immortality—
That world of song, from whose bright shore
All gloom and cloud and storm are driven,
And love keeps vigil evermore,
Nor weeps o'er broken ties in Heaven.

MOTHER, PRAY FOR ME.

MOTHER, mother, I am waiting
For your blessing ere I go ;
But your head is bowed in sorrow ;
Can I leave you weeping so ?
Wipe away your tears, my mother,
I must brave a stormy sea ;
But my heart will fear no danger
While my mother prays for me.

You have taught me to remember
My Creator in my youth ;
You have taught me words of comfort
From the page of life and truth ;

And those blessed words, repeated
Morn and eve beside your knee,
Will be sweeter now; but, mother,
Don't forget to pray for me.

When you watch the sky at evening,
Dark with threatening clouds o'ercast,
And you hear the restless moaning
Of the cold, foreboding blast;
When you think your boy is tossing
On a wild and angry sea,
I shall know at such a moment
That my mother prays for me.

PEACE; BE STILL.

WHEN, o'er the billows wild and dark,
Was rudely tossed the Saviour's barque,
He calmed them by His sovereign will,
And bade the angry storm be still.

The wild winds cease—the billows sleep
In silence on the mighty deep;
For God, omnipotent to save,
Can calm the wind and rule the wave.

Thus when tempestuous passions swell,
And we against His law rebel,
O, may our hearts His Spirit fill,
And bid the angry storm be still.

And O, in sorrow's gloomy hour
Still may we own His sovereign power ;
Bow meekly to His gracious will,
And bid the throbbing heart be still.

THE BAPTISM OF OUR LORD.

HIGH in his zenith rode the King of day,
And, from his flaming chariot as it passed,
Let down his glory like a flood of gold
On Jordan's waters, famed on history's page,
Where Israel's mighty host whom Joshua led
To their inheritance, fair Canaan's land,
Beheld the river parted in the midst ;
The waters, like a wall on either side,
Moved not till every footstep died away
And all were safe ; and then Jehovah's voice
Bade them return to their own place again,—
The Jordan on whose brink Elijah stood,
And with his mantle smote the turbid waves,
And they divided ; he on solid ground
Trod fearless, for he knew God's hand was there.

How beautiful that ancient river now,
Its waters placid, while the idle breeze
Slept on its bosom, and the noontide sun
Kissed every wave, chased every cloud away,
Lest they should break that sweet tranquillity !
And he whose raiment was of camel's hair,
Whose meat was locusts and the honey wild,

Who in Judea's wilderness had cried,
"Repent ye, for God's kingdom is at hand,"
Stood on those lovely banks amid the throng
That from the region round about had come
To hear his words, and, penitent for sin,
With due confession, meekly to receive
The holy sign, the one baptismal rite,—
To whom in tones prophetic thus he spoke :
"Now at the root the sharpened ax is laid,
And every tree that bears not goodly fruit
Shall have no more a place amid the soil,
But, severed branch by branch, shall fuel be
To feed the flames that must forever burn.
With water to repentance I baptize ;
But lo, among you shall another come,
Greater than I, the latchet of whose shoes,
Behold, I am not worthy to unloose,—
He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost,
Yea, and with fire ; of Him I witness bear."

See now the Baptist ; what hath moved his soul ?
Why fixed his gaze upon that stranger form,
Mild, eloquent, serene, majestic, pure ?
Who would not love that more than earthly face,
Those gentle looks with tender sadness twined,
Those olive eyes to whose expression deep
His soul benignant lent a heavenly beam
That found its way to many a grief-worn heart,
And left a smile of peace and comfort there ?
And this was He whose birth the angels sang.

And o'er whose cradle shone His natal star
So brightly when the Orient wise men came,
And laid their costly treasures at His feet ;
This, too, was He whom Simeon in his arms
Took up, and blessed, and said, " Lord, now I
 may
Depart in peace, for lo, these aged eyes
In this fair Child have Thy salvation seen."

Then cometh Jesus, saith the inspired page,
From Galilee to Jordan, unto John,
To be baptized of him ; but John refused ;
" No, I have need to be baptized of Thee,"
His meek reply, " and comest Thou to me ? "
But Jesus answered, " Let it be so now,
For thus it doth become us to fulfill
All righteousness." The Baptist urged no more.
They bent their steps down toward the river's
 brink ;

The waves adoring murmured as His form
Plunged 'neath their depths, and sparkled when
 He rose.

Out of the water upward as He came,
Harps rang in chorus by the Tree of Life,
And angels sang hosannas round the throne ;
The heavens were opened with ecstatic joy ;
The Spirit thence descending like a dove
Abode upon Him, and the Father's voice
Proclaimed to all, " This is My Beloved Son
In whom I am well pleased ; believe in Him."

WE KNOW NOT WHAT THOU DOEST.

LORD, we know not what Thou doest,
But Thy ways are kind and just ;
And Thy word of life has taught us
To believe, obey, and trust ;
Lord, we know not what Thou doest ;
But, in yonder morning land,
When our spirit eyes are opened,
We shall know and understand.

Thou wilt show us why 'twas needful
Our request should be denied ;
Why our dearest hopes were blighted,
And our faith so oft was tried ;
Yes, beyond the vale of shadows,
In the golden reaping land,
Why our hearts were bowed in sorrow
We shall know and understand.

Though we know not what Thou doest,
We will trust Thee to the end ;
Thou hast veiled from us in wisdom
What we could not comprehend ;
Yet, beyond the silent river,
When our souls with joy expand,
Then Thy dealings, blessed Saviour,
We shall know and understand.

THE DYING BOY.

SAY, why are you weeping, dear mother?

Sit down ; I have something to tell ;
I heard a sweet voice, and it told me
That all with my spirit was well ;
It came to my heart, and that moment
I felt not a struggle or pain ;
It whispered I soon should be happy,
And never know sorrow again.

Say, why are you weeping, dear mother?

How grateful to God you should be
That He in His love has provided
A home of such beauty for me—
A home on the banks of a river
Whose waters are crystal and fair ;
There hunger and cold cannot reach me ;
And, mother, the Saviour is there.

Say, why are you weeping, dear mother?

How hard you have toiled for my sake !
But now you can sleep, and so calmly
You need not so early awake ;
Come nearer ; one kiss, gentle mother ;
I'm going, I'm speeding my flight ;
Not long will you tarry behind me ;
I'll come for you, mother. Good night.



HYMNS.

WE ARE GOING.

WE are going, we are going
To a home beyond the skies,
Where the fields are robed in beauty,
And the sunlight never dies ;
Where the fount of joy is flowing
In the valley green and fair,
We shall dwell in love together ;
There will be no parting there.

We are going, we are going,
And the music we have heard
Like the echo of the woodland,
Or the carol of a bird ;
With the rosy light of morning,
On the calm and fragrant air,
Still it murmurs, softly murmurs,
There will be no parting there.

We are going, we are going,
When the day of life is o'er,
To that pure and happy region
Where our friends have gone before ;
They are singing with the angels
In that land so bright and fair ;
We shall dwell with them forever ;
There will be no parting there.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Joy! joy! joy! there is joy in heaven with the
angels;

Joy! joy! joy! for the prodigal's return;
He has come, he has come

To his Father's house at last;
He was lost, he is found,

And the night of gloom is past.
Blessed hour of joy and communion sweet,
For his heart is full and his love complete;
His Father sees him and hastes to meet,
And bid him welcome home.

Chorus:

Joy! joy! joy! there is joy in heaven with the
angels;

Joy! joy! joy! for the prodigal's return!

Joy! joy! joy! in the courts of heaven resounding;

Joy! joy! joy! o'er the prodigal's return;
Hark! the song, hark! the song,

'Tis a joyful, joyful strain;
Welcome home, welcome home

To thy Father's house again.
While his eye is dim with the falling tears
Of repentant grief over wasted years,
The pardoning voice of his Father cheers,
And bids him welcome home.

Joy! joy! joy! in the radiant fields of glory;
Joy! joy! joy! when a wandering soul returns;
Let us haste, let us haste,
While the morning sun is bright;
Jesus calls, Jesus calls
To a land of love and light.
We will journey on till our pilgrim feet
Shall be found at last in the golden street;
Our glorious Saviour will smile to greet,
And bid us welcome home.
1867.

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark ! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

Chorus :

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears ;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears !

Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me ;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.

Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er ;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

1868.

PASS ME NOT.

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry ;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

Chorus :

Saviour, Saviour,
Hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief ;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face ;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee ?
Whom in heaven but Thee ?

I COME TO THEE.

I COME to Thee, I come to Thee,
Thou precious Lamb once slain for me ;
I rest confiding in Thy word,
And "cast my burden on the Lord."
I come to Thee with all my grief;
Dear Saviour, help my unbelief ;
Thy blessed name my only plea,
With this, O Lord, I come to Thee.

I come to Thee, whose sovereign power
Can cheer me in the darkest hour ;
I come to Thee, through storm and shade,
For Thou hast said, "Be not afraid."
I come to Thee with all my tears,
My pain and sorrow, doubts and fears ;
Thou precious Lamb, once slain for me,
I come to Thee, I come to Thee.

To Thee my trembling spirit flies
When faith grows weak and comfort dies ;
I bow adoring at Thy feet,
And hold with Thee communion sweet.
O wondrous love, O joy divine,
To feel Thee near and call Thee mine !
Thou precious Lamb, once slain for me,
I come to Thee, I come to Thee.

RESCUE THE PERISHING.

RESCUE the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

Chorus :

Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.

Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive;
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.

Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

Rescue the perishing ;
Duty demands it ;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide ;
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them ;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.
1869.

STRIKE THE HARP OF ZION.

STRIKE the harp of Zion, wake the tuneful lay,
Bear the joyful tidings far away ;
Lo ! the morn is breaking, morn of purest love ;
Praise forever, praise to God above.

Chorus :

Glory ! glory ! hark ! the angels sing ;
Glory ! glory ! hear the echo ring ;
Strike the harp of Zion, wake the tuneful lay,
Bear the joyful tidings far away.

Over distant regions veiled in error's night,
See the holy dawn of Gospel light ;
See the nations coming at the Saviour's call,
Coming now to crown Him Lord of all.

O the joyful story, life to every soul !
Like a mighty ocean let it roll,
Bringing home the lost ones from the path of sin,
Till the world shall all be gathered in.

1869.

HOLY IS THE LORD.

HOLY, holy, holy is the Lord !

Sing, O ye people, gladly adore Him ;
Let the mountains tremble at His word,
Let the hills be joyful before Him ;
Mighty in wisdom, boundless in mercy,
Great is Jehovah, King over all.

Chorus :

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord !
Let the hills be joyful before Him.

Praise Him, praise Him, shout aloud for joy !
Watchman of Zion, herald the story ;
Sin and death His kingdom shall destroy ;
All the earth shall sing of His glory ;
Praise Him, ye angels, ye who behold Him
Robed in His splendor, matchless, divine.

King eternal, blessed be His name !
So may His children gladly adore Him,
When in heaven we join the happy strain,
When we cast our bright crowns before Him ;
There in His likeness joyful awaking,
There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

KEEP THOU MY WAY, O LORD.

KEEP thou my way, O Lord ;
Myself I cannot guide ;
Nor dare I trust my erring steps
One moment from Thy side ;
I cannot think aright,
Unless inspired by Thee ;
My heart would faint without Thy aid ;
Choose Thou my thoughts for me.

For every act of faith,
And every pure design,—
For all of good my soul can know,
The glory, Lord, be Thine ;
Free grace my pardon seals,
Thro' Thy atoning blood ;
Free grace the full assurance brings
Of peace with Thee, my God.

O speak, and I will hear ;
Command, and I obey ;
My willing feet with joy will haste
To run the heavenly way ;
Keep Thou my wandering heart,
And bid it cease to roam ;
O bear me safe o'er death's cold wave
To heaven, my blissful home.

SING ALWAYS.

SING with a tuneful spirit,
Sing with a cheerful lay,
Praise to thy great Creator,
While on the pilgrim way.
Sing when the birds are waking,
Sing with the morning light ;
Sing in the noontide's golden beam,
Sing in the hush of night.

Sing when the heart is troubled,
Sing when the hours are long,
Sing when the storm-cloud gathers ;
Sweet is the voice of song.
Sing when the sky is darkest,
Sing when the thunders roll ;
Sing of the land where rest remains,
Rest for the weary soul.

Sing in the vale of shadows,
Sing in the hour of death,
And, when the eyes are closing,
Sing with the latest breath.
Sing till the heart's deep longings
Cease on the other shore ;
Then, with the countless numbers there,
Sing on for evermore.

TO JESUS I WILL GO.

THERE'S a gentle voice within calls away,
'Tis a warning I have heard o'er and o'er ;
But my heart is melted now ; I obey ;
From my Saviour I will wander no more.

Chorus :

Yes, I will go ; yes, I will go ;
To Jesus I will go and be saved.

He has promised all my sins to forgive,
If I ask in simple faith for His love ;
In His holy word I learn how to live,
And to labor for His kingdom above.

I will try to bear the cross in my youth,
And be faithful to its cause till I die ;
If with cheerful step I walk in the truth,
I shall wear a starry crown by and by.

Still the gentle voice within calls away,
And its warning I have heard o'er and o'er ;
But my heart is melted now ; I obey ;
From my Saviour I will wander no more.

GREAT IS JEHOVAH.

GREAT is Jehovah, King of kings ;
O magnify His name ;
Praise Him, ye nations of the earth,
His mighty works proclaim ;
When darkness hovered o'er the deep,
And all was veiled in night,
At His command, in beauty smiled
A morn of purest light.

Great is Jehovah, King of kings ;
The stars together sang ;
Sweetly the new created earth
In joyful concert rang ;
But O, our souls ! in wonder lost,
Behold, by faith sublime,
In man's redemption from the fall
God's greatest wisdom shine.

Glory to Him whose boundless love
The debt of sin has paid ;
Glory to Him whose precious blood
Our sacrifice was made ;
With Him we die, through Him we rise ;
To Him all praise be given,
Who lives, exalted and adored
By all the hosts of heaven.

THE BRIGHT FOREVER.

BREAKING through the clouds that gather
O'er the Christian's natal skies,
Distant beams, like floods of glory,
Fill the soul with glad surprise ;
And we almost hear the echo
Of the pure and holy throng,
In the bright, the bright forever,
In the summer-land of song.

Chorus :

On the banks beyond the river,
We shall meet, no more to sever,
In the bright, the bright forever,
In the summer-land of song.

Yet a little while we linger,
Ere we reach our journey's end ;
Yet a little while of labor,
Ere the evening shades descend ;
Then we'll lay us down to slumber,
But the night will soon be o'er ;
In the bright, the bright forever,
We shall slumber nevermore.

O the bliss of life eternal !
O the long, unbroken rest
In the golden fields of pleasure,
In the region of the blest !

But to see our dear Redeemer,
And before His throne to fall,
There to hear His gracious welcome,
Will be sweeter far than all.

1871.

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

BLESSED assurance, Jesus is mine !
O what a foretaste of glory divine !
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood !

Chorus :

This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight ;
Angels descending bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,—
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

1873.

ONLY A STEP TO JESUS.

ONLY a step to Jesus !
Then why not take it now ?
Come, and, thy sin confessing,
To Him, thy Saviour, bow.

Refrain :

Only a step, only a step ;
Come, He waits for thee ;
Come, and, thy sin confessing,
Thou shalt receive a blessing ;
Do not reject the mercy
He freely offers thee.

Only a step to Jesus !
Believe, and thou shalt live ;
Lovingly now He is waiting,
And ready to forgive.

Only a step to Jesus !
A step from sin to grace ;
What has thy heart decided ?
The moments fly apace.

Only a step to Jesus !
O why not come and say,
Gladly to Thee, my Saviour,
I give myself away ?

GOD OF ETERNITY.

GOD of eternity, Author of time,
Giver and Source of life, Ruler sublime,—
Thou uncreated Lord, Ancient of Days,
Glorious in holiness, fearful in praise,—

Chorus :

High over all Thy works, blest evermore,
God of the universe, Thee we adore.

Wondrous in majesty, wisdom and might,
Lo! 'twas Thy voice that said, "Let there be
light ;"
Vast realms and numberless, Lord, are Thy
own ;
Nations and sceptered kings bow at Thy
throne.

Thine is a perfect law, Thy word is pure ;
Righteous are all Thy ways, Thy judgments
sure ;
Mercy and truth abide ever with Thee ;
Love like a river flows, deep as the sea.

HOLD THOU MY HAND.

HOLD Thou my hand ; so weak I am, and helpless,
I dare not take one step without Thy aid ;
Hold Thou my hand ; for then, O loving Saviour,
No dread of ill shall make my soul afraid.

Hold Thou my hand, and closer, closer draw me
To Thy dear self—my hope, my joy, my all ;
Hold Thou my hand, lest haply I should wander,
And, missing Thee, my trembling feet should
fall.

Hold Thou my hand ; the way is dark before me
Without the sunlight of Thy face divine ;
But when by faith I catch its radiant glory,
What heights of joy, what rapturous songs, are
mine !

Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the mar-
gin
Of that lone river Thou didst cross for me,
A heavenly light may flash along its waters,
And every wave like crystal bright shall be.
1874.

CLOSE TO THEE.

THOU, my everlasting portion,
More than friend or life to me,
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with Thee.

Close to Thee, close to Thee ;
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with Thee.

Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
Nor for fame, my prayer shall be ;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with Thee.

Close to Thee, close to Thee ;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with Thee.

Lead me through the vale of shadows,
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea ;
Then the gate of life eternal
May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

Close to Thee, close to Thee ;
Then the gate of life eternal
May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

EVERY DAY AND HOUR.

SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
I am clinging close to Thee ;
Let Thy precious blood applied
Keep me ever near Thy side.

Chorus :

Every day, every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power ;
May Thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, Lord, to Thee.

Through this changing world below,
Lead me gently as I go ;
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
I can never lose my way.

Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting life is o'er ;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter world above.

LIKE THE SOUND OF MANY WATERS.

LIKE the sound of many waters
Rolling on through ages long,
In a tide of rapture breaking,—
Hark! the mighty choral song!

Chorus:

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Let the heavenly portals ring;
Christ is born, the Prince of glory,
Christ the Lord, our mighty King.

Lo, the Morning Star appeareth,
O'er the world His beams are cast;
He the Alpha and Omega,
He the Great, the First, the Last.

Clap your hands with exultation;
Sing aloud, rejoice with mirth;
Peace her silver wings hath folded,—
Lo, she comes to dwell on earth.

Saviour, not with costly treasure
Do we gather at Thy throne;
All we have, our hearts, we give Thee,—
Consecrate them Thine alone.

SHOUT ALOUD, ALL YE LANDS.

ACROSS the blue waters the message of grace
O'er kingdom and empire is flying apace ;
The day-beam is breaking, majestic and bright,
And millions are turning from darkness to light.

Chorus :

Shout aloud, all ye lands, and be glad while ye sing ;
Shout aloud, all ye lands, for the Saviour is King !
And the sound that went forth on the night of
His birth
Shall be heard to the uttermost bounds of the
earth.

All creatures adoring shall bow at His word,
All tongues shall confess Him their Saviour and
Lord ;
His truth and its glory extended shall be,
And cover the earth as the waters the sea.

How gently and kindly there comes from above
His scepter of mercy, His standard of love !
He ruleth in wisdom, the Monarch of peace,
His reign shall be glorious, and never shall cease.

The day is approaching, the time draweth nigh,
When nation to nation " Hosanna ! " shall cry ;
The idols they worship in dust shall be laid,
And Jesus be honored, exalted, obeyed.

1875.

NEVER SHONE A LIGHT SO FAIR.

NEVER shone a light so fair,
Never fell so sweet a song,
As the chorus in the air
Chanted by the angel-throng ;
Every star took up the story :
Christ has come, the Prince of glory,
Come in humble hearts to dwell,
God with us, Immanuel.

Still that jubilee of song
Breaks upon the rising morn ;
While the anthem rolls along,
Floods of light the earth adorn ;
Old and young take up the story :
Christ has come, etc.

Welcome now the blessed day
When we praise the Lord our King ;
When we meet to praise and pray,
And His love with gladness sing ;
Let the world take up the story :
Christ has come, etc.

I AM THINE, O LORD.

I AM Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me ;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.

Chorus :

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died ;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To Thy precious bleeding side.

Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace divine ;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.

O the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend !

There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea,
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

ALL THE WAY.

ALL the way my Saviour leads me ;
What have I to ask beside ?
Can I doubt His tender mercy,
Who through life has been my guide ?
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in Him to dwell !
For I know, whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well.

All the way my Saviour leads me,
Cheers each winding path I tread ;
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living bread ;
Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo, a spring of joy I see.

All the way my Saviour leads me ;
O the fullness of His love !
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above ;
When my spirit, clothed, immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This my song through endless ages—
Jesus led me all the way.

SO NEAR TO THE KINGDOM.

So near to the kingdom ! yet what dost thou lack ?
So near to the kingdom ! what keepeth thee back ?
Renounce every idol, though dear it may be,
And come to the Saviour now pleading with thee.

Refrain :

Pleading with thee,
The Saviour is pleading with thee.

So near that thou hearest the songs that resound
From those who, believing, a pardon have found !
So near, yet unwilling to give up thy sin,
When Jesus is waiting to welcome thee in !

O come, or thy season of grace will be past,
The door will be closed, and this call be thy last ;
O where wouldst thou turn if the light should
depart
That comes from the Spirit, and shines on thy
heart ?

To die with no hope ! hast thou counted the
cost ?

To die out of Christ, and thy soul to be lost !
So near to the kingdom ! O come, we implore,
While Jesus is pleading, come enter the door.
1875.

HIDE THOU ME.

IN Thy cleft, O Rock of Ages,
Hide Thou me ;

When the fitful tempest rages,
Hide Thou me ;

Where no mortal arm can sever
From my heart Thy love forever,
Hide me, O thou Rock of Ages,
Safe in Thee.

From the snare of sinful pleasure,
Hide Thou me ;
Thou, my soul's eternal treasure,
Hide Thou me ;
When the world its power is wielding,
And my heart is almost yielding,
Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,
Safe in Thee.

In the lonely night of sorrow,
Hide Thou me ;
Till in glory dawns the morrow,
Hide Thou me ;
In the sight of Jordan's billow,
Let Thy bosom be my pillow ;
Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,
Safe in Thee.

BY AND BY.

By and by, when the reapers come,
And we hear the song of the harvest home,
'Twill be sweet to think of our labor done,
Of the golden sheaves in the setting sun.

Refrain :

By and by, when the angel reapers come,
We shall join the song of the harvest home ;
O by and by, when the angel reapers come,
We shall join the song of the harvest home.

By and by, when at home we meet,
When we cast our sheaves at the Master's feet,
In the land of rest 'twill be joy to know
It was not in vain that we toiled below.

By and by, if we watch and wait,
We shall enter in at the pearly gate ;
We shall sit us down with our friends above,
'Mid the songs of joy in a feast of love.

BLESSED HOME-LAND.

GLIDING o'er life's fitful waters,
Heavy surges sometimes roll ;
And we sigh for yonder haven,
For the home-land of the soul.

Refrain :

Blessed home-land, ever fair !
Sin can never enter there ;
But the soul, to life awaking,
Everlasting bloom shall wear.

Oft we catch a faint reflection
Of its bright and vernal hills ;
And, though distant, how we hail it !
How each heart with rapture thrills !

To our Father, and our Saviour,
To the Spirit, Three in One,
We shall sing glad songs of triumph
When our harvest work is done.

'Tis the weary pilgrim's home-land,
Where each throbbing care shall cease,
And our longings and our yearnings,
Like the waves, be hushed to peace.

THIS I KNOW.

LORD, my trust I repose in Thee ;
O how great is Thy love to me !
Thou the strength of my life shalt be ;
This I know, this I know.

Refrain :

Thine, Thine, and only Thine,
Now and ever Thine ;
Thou dost love me, Saviour mine ;
This I know, this I know.

Thou dost lead with a sweet command,
Thou dost lead with a gentle hand ;
On the rock of Thy truth I stand ;
This I know, this I know.

I shall rise to a world of light,
I shall rest in a mansion bright ;
Then my faith shall be lost in sight ;
This I know, this I know.

1877.

LEARN OF THE MEEK AND LOWLY.

COME, learn of the meek and lowly ;
Come, sit at the Master's feet ;
No place in the world so holy,
No place in the world so sweet ;
His lessons are plain and simple,
A balm to the wounded breast ;
He maketh our burden lighter,
And giveth His children rest.

O if we were more like Jesus,
And more from the world apart,
Communing with Him in spirit,
And nearer to Him in heart,—
We should not complain so sadly
When trouble and care we meet,
But carry at once our sorrows,
And lay them at Jesus' feet.

He wept o'er the holy city,
He wept o'er a loved one dead ;
He knoweth our every trial,
And seeth the tears we shed ;
O live that our souls may enter
His kingdom with joy complete ;
And there, thro' eternal ages,
We'll sit at the Master's feet,

PARTING HYMN.

HEAVENLY Father, we beseech Thee,
Grant Thy blessing ere we part ;
Take us in Thy care and keeping,
Guard from evil every heart.

Chorus :

Bless the words we here have spoken,
Offered prayer and cheerful strain ;
If Thy will, O Lord, we pray Thee,
Grant we all may meet again.

Loving Saviour, go Thou with us,
Be our comfort and our stay ;
Grateful praise to Thee we render
For the joy we feel to-day.

Holy Spirit, dwell within us,
May our souls Thy temple be ;
May we tread the path to glory,
Led and guided still by Thee.

Heavenly Father, loving Saviour,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
As among Thy saints and angels,
So on earth, Thy will be done.

'TIS THE BLESSED HOUR OF PRAYER.

'TIS the blessed hour of prayer, when our
 hearts lowly bend,
And we gather to Jesus, our Saviour and Friend ;
If we come to Him in faith, His protection to share,
What a balm for the weary ! O how sweet to be
 there !

Chorus :

Blessed hour of prayer, blessed hour of prayer !
What a balm for the weary ! O how sweet to be
 there !

'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the Sav-
 iour draws near,
With a tender compassion His children to hear ;
When He tells us we may cast at His feet every
 care,
What a balm for the weary ! O how sweet to be
 there !

'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the tempted
 and tried
To the Saviour who loves them their sorrow con-
 fide ;
With a sympathizing heart He removes every care ;
What a balm for the weary ! O how sweet to be
 there !

WEARY WANDERER, STOP AND LISTEN.

WEARY wanderer, stop and listen ;
Happy news we bring to thee ;
Jesus has prepared a banquet ;
Come, and welcome thou shalt be.

Chorus :

Make no longer vain excuses ;
Jesus calls, and calls thee now ;
Come, for everything is ready ;
Weary soul, why waitest thou ?

Are thy sins a heavy burden ?
Come to God ; confess them now ;
He is willing to forgive thee ;
Ask, receive ; why waitest thou ?

On the loving arm of Jesus
Wouldst thou lean, and trust Him now ?
Let Him cleanse thee at the fountain ;
Come at once ; why waitest thou ?

See the beauteous wedding garment ;
In His hands He holds it now ;
Haste, O haste thee to the banquet ;
Enter in ; why waitest thou ?

I KNOW THERE'S A REST.

I KNOW there's a rest that remaineth for me,
A rest when my journey is o'er ;
I know that the ransomed in bliss I shall see,
And labor and sorrow no more.

Chorus:

Then onward I'll go, and with courage I'll tread
The path my Redeemer has trod,
Since He hath declared there remaineth a rest,
A rest for the people of God.

I know there's a rest that remaineth for me,
A rest with my Saviour above,
Where, clothed in His image, His face I shall see,
And feast on the smile of His love.

I know there's a rest that remaineth for me ;
I'll patiently wait till it come,—
Till angels shall bear me away on their wings,
And Jesus shall welcome me home.

1881.

WELLS OF ELIM.

COOL from the wells of Elim,
Softly the waters bright,
Under the waving palm trees,
Smiled in the peaceful light ;
There were the tents so goodly,
There was a nation strong,
Resting awhile by Elim's wells,
Praising the Lord in song.

Chorus :

O how a soul in Jesus
Loves of a stream to tell,
One that shall flow forever on,
Drawn from the living well !

Out from the rock of Horeb,
Smote by a wondrous rod,
Quickly the gushing waters
Came at the voice of God ;
They who athirst were pining,
They who rebelled before,
Now, with delight and wonder filled,
Drank, and were glad once more.

Purer than wells of Elim
Under the palm trees fair,
Sweeter than Horeb's waters
Hailed by the fainting there,—
Lo, at the feet of mercy.
Fresh from the springs above,
Jesus the living water gives,
Bought with redeeming love.

O CHILD OF GOD, WAIT PATIENTLY.

O CHILD of God, wait patiently
When dark thy path may be,
And let thy faith lean trustingly
On Him who cares for thee ;
And though the clouds hang drearily
Upon the brow of night,
Yet in the morning joy will come,
And fill thy soul with light.

O child of God, He loveth thee,
And thou art all His own ;
With gentle hand He leadeth thee ;
Thou dost not walk alone ;
And though thou watchest wearily
The long and stormy night,
Yet in the morning joy will come,
And fill thy soul with light.

O child of God, how peacefully
He calms thy fears to rest,
And draws thee upward tenderly,
Where dwell the pure and blest !
And He who bendeth silently
Above the gloom of night,
Will take thee home where endless joy
Shall fill thy soul with light.

'TIS ONLY A LITTLE WAY.

'Tis only a little way on to my home,
And there in its sunshine forever I'll roam ;
While all the day long I journey with song,
O beautiful Eden-land, thou art my home.

Refrain :

'Tis only a little way, only a little way,
'Tis only a little way on to my home.

'Tis only a little way farther to go,
O'er mountain and valley where dark waters flow ;
My Saviour is near with blessings to cheer ;
His word is my guiding star—why should I fear ?

'Tis only a little way ; there I shall see
The friends that in glory are waiting for me ;
Their voices from home now float on the air—
They're calling me tenderly, calling me there.
1886.

WHAT A GATHERING.

ON that bright and golden morning, when the
Son of man shall come,
And the radiance of His glory we shall see ;
When from every clime and nation He shall call
His people home,—
What a gathering of the ransomed that will be !

Chorus :

What a gathering, what a gathering,
What a gathering of the ransomed in the
summer land of love !
What a gathering, what a gathering
Of the ransomed in that happy home above !

When the blest who sleep in Jesus, at His bidding shall arise
From the silence of the grave and from the sea,
And with bodies all celestial they shall meet Him
in the skies,
What a gathering and rejoicing there will be !

When our eyes behold the city, with its many
mansions bright,
And its river, calm and restful, flowing free ;
When the friends that death has parted shall in
bliss again unite,—
What a gathering and a greeting there will be !

O the King is surely coming, and the time is
drawing nigh

When the blessed day of promise we shall see ;
Then the changing "in a moment," "in the twin-
kling of an eye,"

And forever in His presence we shall be.
1887.

EARLY MORN.

AT early morn, with trembling step,
A faithful band drew near,
And stood at last beside the grave
Of Him they loved so dear.

Chorus :

He lives again ! He lives again !
Rang out o'er all that sunlit plain ;
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Has conquered death, and lives again.

And as the rosy, blushing light
Shot forth its brilliant rays,
Their fears were gone, their night was o'er,
And grief was lost in praise.

To-day our hearts, with rapture filled,
The hallowed strains repeat,
And haste, within the house of prayer,
Our risen Lord to meet.

JESUS IS CALLING.

OUT on the mountain, sad and forsaken,
Lost in its mazes, no light canst thou see ;
Yet in His mercy, full of compassion,
Lo, the Good Shepherd is calling to thee.

Chorus :

Calling to thee, calling to thee,
Jesus is calling, " Come unto me ;"
Calling to thee, calling to thee,
Hear the Good Shepherd calling to thee.

Far on the mountain, why wilt thou wander ?
Deeper in darkness thy pathway will be ;
Turn from thy roaming, fly from its dangers,
While the Good Shepherd is calling to thee.

Flee from thy bondage ; Jesus will help thee ;
Only believe Him, and thou shalt be free ;
Wonderful mercy ! boundless compassion !
Still the Good Shepherd is calling to thee.

1890.

ENDURE TO THE END.

WE cannot fold our hands at ease,
And look for heaven at last ;
We cannot shout the victory won
Until the war is past.

Chorus :

Blessed are they that endure to the end,
For with them it shall be well ;
They shall eat of the fruit of the tree of life,
And with Jesus forever dwell.

We cannot hope to win the prize,
Unless the race we run ;
Nor reap the fruits of endless joy
If we no work have done.

We cannot slumber at our post,
Nor lay our armor down ;
And only they who bear the cross
Can ever wear the crown.

Then let the cross be all our boast,
And Jesus all our song,
Till in His robe of righteousness
We join the ransomed throng.

SAVED BY GRACE.

SOME day the silver cord will break,
And I no more as now shall sing ;
But, O the joy when I shall wake
Within the palace of the King !

Chorus :

And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story—Saved by Grace.

Some day my earthly house will fall ;
I cannot tell how soon 'twill be ;
But this I know—my All in All
Has now a place in heaven for me.

Some day, when fades the golden sun
Beneath the rosy-tinted west,
My blessed Lord will say, " Well done ! "
And I shall enter into rest.

Some day,—till then I'll watch and wait,
My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,
That when my Saviour opes the gate,
My soul to Him may wing its flight.

MY SAVIOUR FIRST OF ALL.

WHEN my lifework is ended, and I cross the
swelling tide,
When the bright and glorious morning I shall
see,
I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the other
side,
And His smile will be the first to welcome me.

Chorus:

I shall know Him, I shall know Him,
And alone by His side I shall stand ;
I shall know Him, I shall know Him,
By the print of the nails in His hand.

O the soul-thrilling rapture when I view His
blessed face,
And the luster of His kindly beaming eye !
How my full heart will praise Him for the mercy,
love, and grace,
That prepares for me a mansion in the sky !

O the dear ones in glory, how they beckon me to
come !
And our parting at the river I recall ;
To the sweet vales of Eden they will sing my wel-
come home ;
But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

Through the gates to the city, in a robe of spotless white,

He will lead me where no tears will ever fall;
In the glad song of ages I shall mingle with delight;

But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
1891.

OUT OF THE SHADOW.

OUT of the shadow into the light,
Shining in glory transcendently bright ;
Out of the gloaming into the day,
Beaming in splendor that fades not away.

Chorus :

Out of the sighing, fading and dying,
Into the perfect, lovely and bright ;
Out of the darkness into the dawning,
Out of the shadow into the light.

Out of the shadow, lonely and drear,
Into the future that knows not a fear ;
Out of the conflict, weary and sore,
Into the home-land of bliss evermore.

Out of the shadow, voiceless and cold,
Into the sunshine of rapture untold ;
Out of the hoping into the blest,
Out of the longing with Jesus at rest.

Over the river soon we shall be,
Over the river, dear Saviour, with Thee ;
Out of the shadow into the light,
Clothed in the garments Thy blood hath
made white.

GOOD NIGHT.

O THE morning, happy morning,
That will break on yonder shore,
When the march of life is ended,
And our harvest work is o'er;
When we stand amid the gloaming,
And our hearts with joy are bright,
While we say to those around us,
With a loving smile, Good night !

O the morning, blissful morning,
That from every care is free,
And forever with our Saviour
And Redeemer we shall be;
When the silver cord is broken,
And our spirits wing their flight,
Only pausing till our dear ones
Catch the loving words, Good night !

O the morning, golden morning !
We shall see it by and by ;
Faith beholds it in the distance,
And its dawning draweth nigh ;
Here we part, for time is fleeting,
Ever fading from our sight,
But in yonder happy morrow
We shall never say Good night.

TRUST ON.

TRUST on ; is not the Saviour at thy side,
In darkest hour thy faltering steps to guide ?
Take thou the hand outreaching now to thee ;
He bids thee walk in faith ; so let it be.

Trust on ; though thorns may thrust thy weary
feet,
Yet pain or bliss with Jesus will be sweet ;
If thou believe, it shall be well with thee ;
If He would test thy faith, so let it be.

Trust on ; no trial can thy way befall
But He, thy Lord and Saviour, knows it all ;
And if, to make His love more pure in thee,
Thou need'st His chastening rod, so let it be.

Trust on ; as clouds of evening glide away,
And leave the calm reflection of the day,
Soon shall thy waiting eyes His glory see,
And though through clouds it come, so let it be.
1891.

CHRIST THE SEAL OF DEATH HAS BROKEN.

Christ the seal of death has broken,
Forth He comes with power divine ;
Heavenly guards behold Him rising,
Heavenly glories round Him shine.

At the tomb that cannot bind Him,
Angels linger robed in white ;
While the watchmen, pale and trembling,
Fall in terror from the sight.

Ye who bore the joyful tidings
Of a Prince and Saviour born,
Higher raise your song of triumph
On the resurrection morn.

Christ the seal of death has broken ;
Let the world before Him fall ;
Lift your heads, ye saints, and hail Him,
Hail the mighty Lord of all.

TRUSTFULLY COME I TO THEE.

TRUSTFULLY, trustfully
Come I to Thee ;
Jesus, Thou blessed One,
Thine would I be ;
Then shall I cheerfully,
Truly and earnestly
Walk in Thy spirit,
Saviour, with Thee.

Peacefully, peacefully
Come I to Thee ;
More of Thy presence, Lord,
Grant Thou to me;
Then shall I carefully,
Watchfully, prayerfully,
Walk in Thy spirit,
Closer to Thee.

Joyfully, joyfully
Come I to Thee ;
Thou art my loving Friend,
Precious to me;
O may I restfully,
Calmly and lovingly
Dwell in Thy spirit,
Saviour, with Thee.

RESTING BY THE RIVER.

WHEN I'm resting by the river, in the beautiful
forever,

Light will seem the cares and crosses that ap-
pear so heavy now ;

Then I'll see that pathway lonely God marked out
in kindness only,

When I'm resting by the river, with life's crown
upon my brow.

When I'm resting by the river, where no sorrow
cometh ever,

I shall feel that earthly darkness made more
welcome heaven's light ;

I shall learn how each affliction brought a blessed
benediction,

When I'm resting by the river, in the land
where falls no night.

When I'm resting by the river, 'neath the healing
trees that quiver

In the sweet balm-laden breezes blown from
hills of Paradise,

I shall see with vision clearer loss made heaven's
treasures dearer,

When I'm resting by the river, in the home be-
yond the skies.

When I'm resting by the river, where fond ties
are broken never,

I shall find that separation made reunion there
more sweet ;

Past for aye all tears and sighing, mine shall be a
joy undying,

When I'm resting by the river, where the happy
saved ones meet.

1894,

THY WILL BE DONE IN ME.

O THOU to whom, without reserve,
My all I would resign,
I ask for grace and faith to say,
"Thy will, O Lord, not mine!"
In joy or grief, in bliss or pain,
This prayer shall rise to Thee,
"Thy will, not mine, O blessed Lord,
Thy will be done in me!"

Though thorns may pierce my weary feet,
Yet would I ne'er repine,
But meekly say, as Thou hast said,
"Thy will, O Lord, not mine!"
And though I pass beneath Thy rod,
Amen, so let it be!
Whate'er Thou wilt, O blessed Lord,
I know is best for me.

So would I live that I may feel
Thy perfect peace divine,
And still Thy pure example show
In every act of mine;
And till I reach the silent vale,
And cross the narrow sea,
Be this my prayer, O blessed Lord,
"Thy will be done in me!"

WHEN THE KING SHALL COME.

O THE weary night is waning,
And the clouds are rolling by ;
See, the long-expected morning
Now is dawning in the sky ;
When from Zion's lofty mountain
We shall hear the watchman cry,
And rejoicing we shall gather
When the King shall come.

Chorus :

O Zion ! O Zion ! Great will be thy triumph
When the King shall come ;
O Zion ! O Zion ! Thou shalt be exalted
When the King shall come.

When the ransomed of Jehovah,
From the East and from the West,
Shall return with joy and gladness,
To receive the promised rest,—
Then shall every tribe and nation
Out of every land be blessed,
And rejoicing they shall gather
When the King shall come.

May He find us, when He cometh,
Faithful watchers day and night,
At our royal post of duty,
With our armor shining bright ;

May our lamps be trimmed and burning
With a clear and steady light,
That rejoicing we may gather
When the King shall come.

1896.

LOVING SAVIOUR, WITH THY BLESSING.

LOVING Saviour, with Thy blessing
Thou hast filled our souls to-day;
How the moments, bright with pleasure,
Like a dream have flown away!
But to think that we must sever—
How it wrings our hearts with pain!
Loving Saviour, in Thy mercy
Spare us all to meet again.

Mid these scenes of happy childhood,
O 'tis sweet awhile to dwell;
But our joy is tinged with sadness,
For we now must say, Farewell;
May the chain of Love and Friendship
Long unbroken still remain;
Loving Saviour, in Thy mercy
Spare us all to meet again.

When our fleeting years are ended,
And the day of life is o'er;
When our voices here are silent,
And our songs are heard no more,—
In the realm of kindred spirits,
Free from every throb of pain,
Loving Saviour, in Thy mercy
Bring us all to meet again.

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